

MERRY ENGLAND

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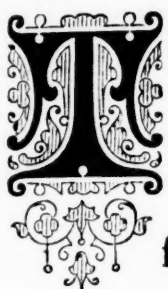
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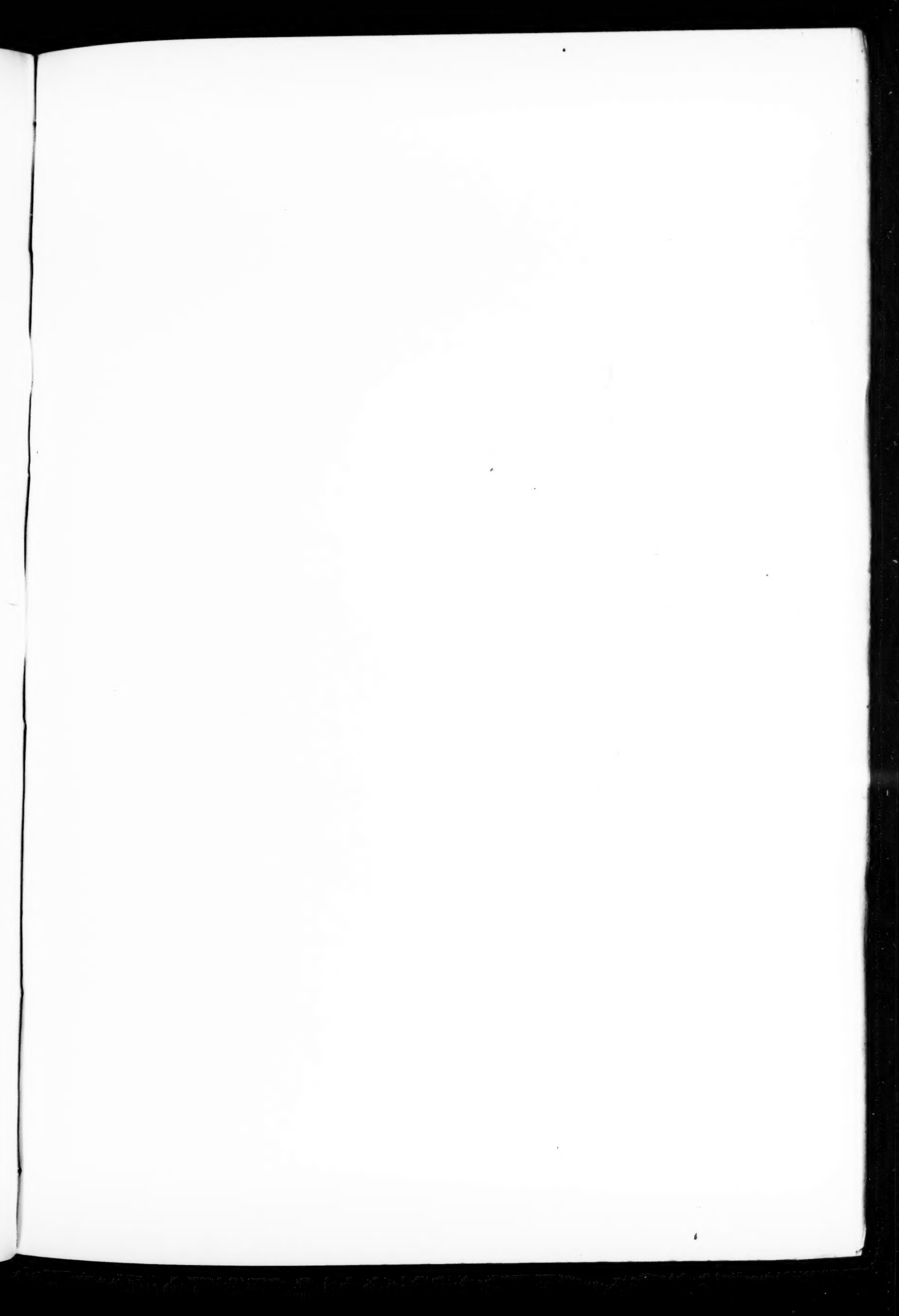
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CARDINAL HOWARD.

MERRY ENGLAND

MARCH, 1888.

An Alpine Study.

“The solemn peaks but to the stars are known,
But to the stars and the cold lunar beams ;
Alone the sun arises—and alone
Spring the great streams.”

Matthew Arnold.

“IT seems a little more settled this evening. I should think that we should have a fine day to-morrow?” “Yes,” and after a pause: “One will have to plan an expedition of some sort, I suppose?” This, with a shrug of the shoulders and an assumed look of boredom. Then followed another pause. Conversation at *table d’hôte* is apt to be spasmodic. A fifth course of a nameless and tasteless kind intervened before the last speaker ventured upon the query: “You’re a great sight-seer?” “I don’t know about *sight-seeing*,” answered his neighbour, “but I like to get a good climb or two when one is out here.” “Ah! a mountaineer?” This was only answered by a half-deprecating smile, and the last speaker continued, almost mechanically: “A mountaineer! I once thought of being one myself.” There was an intonation of contempt in his repetition of the term which yet had a vibration of regretful envy in it. “Have you given up all such folly, then?” jokingly said the other. “Yes.” Then after a moment’s pause, and with an impulsive effort after a more genuine exchange of sentiments, he continued: “To tell you the truth, I never could reconcile it with myself to blacken the

'everlasting snows' with the blotch of my presence. I felt it to be so insulting to them." "Insulting!" exclaimed the other, a younger man and in the full glow of undergraduate impulse. "Insulting the everlasting snow by the presence of man! Why, I always feel as if the mountains were rejoicing at every triumph one makes over yet untrodden snows." "Indeed! I never could believe that the untrodden snow, as you call it, was dropped expressly for me to tread on it. I never could see the relationship between those dazzling slopes and such mundane things as my boots fresh from a tourist outfitter in Oxford Street. It seemed such a far-fetched design of Providence to affect such a rencontre." "But surely you don't think that we ought to give up climbing mountains for fear of hurting their feelings?" "Ah! it was not *their* feelings perhaps so much as mine that I was afraid of hurting, just because I felt I knew nothing about theirs. Besides, Nature's offspring, deaf and dumb though they be, are great enough to despise us even if we do offend or invade their rights. Ay! and they are strong enough to avenge themselves for our insults. It is *we*, not *they*, who pay the penalty for sacrilegious intrusion." The younger man was puzzled for a moment, till, summoning up his philosophic artillery, he soon opened a fresh attack. "But does not Nature wish us to understand and know her? And how can we do so unless we go to the fountain-head, to the great scenes of her grandeur? We must boldly wrestle with her until we compel her to tell us her name." "A smart analogy! And do you represent Jacob or the angel?" "Jacob, of course, because he got the best of it." "Perhaps. For though he wrestled all night he never learned the name, and that, no doubt, was an advantage. But after all, he broke one of his ribs in the struggle. The analogy indeed is complete, for it is just what happens to you climbers. You rush up a mountain and come down none the wiser, and probably with some limb more or less injured, if not with the loss of a guide or a too trustful friend." "Oh, but I am not one of those whose only

idea is to do the thing in the quickest time on record: one of those people who pull out their watch at every point and say that Jones took 56½ minutes to reach the spot last year, but that Robinson in 1877 declared that he did it in half-an-hour. No. I think mountaineers ought to go up mountains to see their shape, to understand what snow and ice really mean, and to watch their ways." The elder man gave the younger one a curious look. "Oh, if you are really going up mountains for the sake not merely of climbing, but of scientific research, I have nothing more to say. That is quite a different matter, and I must apologise for having made a mistake." This was rather too specious a victory for the conscience, still generally truthful, of the young dialectician, and with an effort he made an endeavour to free himself from the coils of false pretence. "Well! I can't say I have actually any distinct scientific purpose in view. We don't often have in Oxford." (This with a touch of anti-Cambridge pride.) "I have only a general desire to see glaciers at work, you know, and all that sort of thing!" There was a malicious twinkle in the eyes of the elder speaker as he politely resumed: "And which of the glacial theories do you favour?" "You are too hard upon me," laughingly replied the other; "it is no good beating about the bush. I am going up mountains, because I like them personally. They look to me like friends, not enemies; friends inviting confidences. They look as if they wanted one to stay and roam about with, or rather over, them familiarly. I hate treating mountains like distant relations or casual holiday acquaintances whom one avoids at the first opportunity after a few exchanges of sentiment rashly indulged in at *table d'hôte* or in a hotel smoking-room." "It is you who take the offensive now with a vengeance," interposed the elder speaker. "No, no; I did not mean that, you know," hastily ejaculated his youthful antagonist. "I meant—" "Never mind what you meant; let us return to our main point. Why treat mountains as relations or friends at all? What common ground

have we with them? Our legs don't like them. Our eyes blink at them. Our noses get nipped. And altogether we are heartily glad when we have left them and got down to the comfortable hotel with its baths to wash off their stains and its dinner to obliterate their discomforts. Or, granted that we take them poetically, why inflict on them in our imagination all our notions of society, morality, and character? I used to worry myself in former days by trying to fix with different characters all my favourite peaks; but it was all a mistake. No sooner had I named them as suiting one mood than they lost all charm under another. Eliminate human personality. Look at mountains for their own sake, their form, their size, their natural phenomena! Watch them from a respectful distance. It gives far more pleasure, I suspect, and what is more, gives oneself far more leisure to enjoy the mountains' company." "Ah, you have let the cat out of the bag," struck in his watchful companion. "You mean that you have found a good excuse for being idle." "And you have found a whole bundle of formulas, including even a Biblical quotation, to cover your desire for indulgence in some physical excitement. Shall we cry quits?" And both speakers laughingly arose, having already been left by the rest of the company to carry on their chance *symposium*.

It is not often that one chances upon a genial talker at the mixed company of a table d'hôte in a Swiss Hotel. Everyone is stiff, or shy, or demonstratively reserved as a rule on such occasions, and then what extraordinarily polite manners we all assume to each other on such occasions! There is the reverend Dean on his annual holiday, who marches in at the head of his family, and with decorous politeness places them discreetly one on each side of a parent, while the other two are sent tremblingly round the table to the places opposite. With a sweet smile the reverend father gives an inquiring glance at his wife as to whether it is all right and they are all there? which being satisfactorily replied to, down they all sit plump and smiling. Yet

it was but an hour ago that "dear papa" was insisting that the amount of the ladies' luggage was monstrous, and that at least four boxes must be left at the valley; while the "dear girls" were vowing that they would not have a thing to dress themselves in for table d'hôte. And now papa is actually affably smiling and saying: "How nice you look, girls! I cannot think how people can make such sights of themselves as these mountaineers." And Mrs. Dean sits looking benignly complaisant, although this afternoon she was wobbling about on a mule, shutting her eyes and reeling every time she passed within measurable distance of a precipice, while loudly declaring that she would never come up to these horrid mountain hotels again. There are, too, the inevitable maiden ladies who have long repented of their mutually enthusiastic pledges "to come and see the Alps together." They have been shut up in their separate rooms half the afternoon, planning how they can bring the tour to an abrupt conclusion. Yet here they come with sweet modesty to the nearest places they can find by the door, and they simper *sotto voce* over the beauty of the environs, and the state of the weather. Then the regular habitué of the place stalks to his seat at the head of the table, and affably explains to his neighbour what he ought to see, who in his turn volubly expatiates on where he has been and which way he has come through Switzerland: till both almost persuade themselves that each is interested in what the other is saying. No, there is not much flow of soul in a company which, as a rule, might be summarised as an exhibition of manners tempered with muscles. All the more refreshing is it when of a sudden, without premeditation, and with but a glance at one's neighbour-for-a-day one suddenly finds oneself stung into a veritable Socratic dialogue which ends as abruptly as it begins. One rises from the dinner table and loses one's companion in the saloon or smoking-room. The next morning you may have started for an early expedition, while your neighbour has left before you return. You never

meet again. Yet you have exchanged helpful words and ringing phrases for half-an-hour, and life has been for a moment more stimulated than by years of easier converse or oceans of small talk. So it was with our speakers of this evening. Charlie Loudon, the younger speaker, sauntered off to find his travelling companion, Ernest Weyland, who, after sitting silent through dinner, had gladly sought the quiet of the terrace to gaze upon the dark silent mountains under the star-lit sky, while Loudon's neighbour disappeared for an evening's stroll and the next morning had taken his departure. Yet Charlie Loudon often recalled the conversation of that night; and the parting words, "You have found a whole bundle of formulas, including a bible quotation, to cover your desire for indulgence in some physical excitement," came back to his memory with telling force in many and many a silent hour. Charles Loudon was, in the opinion of his friends and of himself, bound to succeed in whatever profession he honoured by adopting. Having passed the Church and Literature in review while still an undergraduate at Oxford, he ultimately bestowed his patronage on the bar, at which everybody at once assured him that he was destined for the bench and probably the woolsack. Lively, intelligent, taking, companionable, the furrows of life seemed to be smoothed away by his approach and the crooked ways to be made straight. Generous and warm-hearted, although not actually sympathetic, he won friends wherever he went and secured devotion at little cost to himself. Not that he did not appreciate such friendship. On the contrary, he valued it much, and was restless and uncomfortable in company where it was not forthcoming. His return for it was an ever-ready display of kindly interest in the devotee's doings and welfare, though such an outflow of interest was unconsciously but a prelude to the absorption of the devotee in Loudon's own interests. If he greeted you with a hearty expression of wish to know what you had "been doing these holidays," you realised instinctively that he was bursting to tell you

of some great doings of his own. This vacation he had asked his old Oxford friend Ernest Weyland to come a short trip to Switzerland. Weyland, who had few friends, and who rather than travel in uncongenial company would constantly enjoy holiday rambles in solitude, cherishing the motto of "Einsam aber nicht allein," was overwhelmed with delight. He admired Loudon even more than most people, as one of those triumphant beings endowed with smartness, intelligence, and good looks, who are destined to go through life conquering and to conquer. And to see Loudon Prime Minister or Chancellor would have given Weyland unfeigned delight, without one trace of envy or surprised annoyance. Accordingly he felt generously honoured by being asked to accompany an embryo hero; although as a matter of fact Loudon, having stayed on late in August in town in order to read hard, after the momentary glorification of tramping down to chambers on the third week in August, suddenly realised that he must have a holiday "after all," and that if he went off at once he would come back much more fresh for work in October. After some futile attempts to secure shooting companions for Scotland or elsewhere, he found himself stranded, till he suddenly bethought himself that the Alps were places on which to distinguish oneself, and while wondering whom he could get to go with him he came across Weyland meditating over a Cook's tourist paper in Temple Gardens. "You are just the fellow I wanted; come and climb the Alps with me for a fortnight or three weeks!" Weyland protested that he could not do much real climbing, but that he loved good walks, and after Loudon had declared that he "would do anything Weyland wished," the plan of campaign was soon completed, and off the two companions started, making their way to the Gletscherhorn Alp Hotel after a few days' sauntering round the lake of Lucerne.

It was about an hour after the discussion at table d'hôte that Loudon hurriedly burst into the smoking room of which

he found Weyland the sole occupant, immersed in an old Tauchnitz edition of Adam Bede. "Why, I've been looking for you everywhere," cried Loudon. "It's all settled; I have engaged a guide, and he says the weather will be splendid." "What? Where? How?" Weyland slowly and incoherently ejaculated, with difficulty withdrawing his mind from the scene where Adam Bede had struck down Arthur Donnithorne only to realise the terror of being the murderer of a whilom friend. "Why, the Gletscherhorn, of course, you old dreamer. We are to go up to-morrow. We shall want two guides, so they say, though I don't believe they are wanted a bit; and that Captain Wheeler, whom we came across on the way up, is coming as the head guide. Said Wheeler has been talking to me about the climb and that it would be better to make up one party for it. Besides, it will lessen the expense. And it is certain to be a grand day. And we must go at once and buy alpenstocks and axes and snow-veils from the hotel store." Though Weyland now realised the cause of his friend's excitement, he did not seem at once ready to join in it. "But I say," he began, "is not it a little too much for us to attempt this sort of thing? You know I have never done a regular peak like this. I really"—"Good gracious, my dear fellow!" burst in Loudon, "why, what *have* we come to Switzerland for but this sort of thing?" "Oh, certainly in a way," answered Weyland, though as a matter of fact he had expressly told Loudon before starting that he was no great climber and did not care for attempting anything much. "But is not this rather a big job for us to *begin* with, that is all I meant?" continued Weyland. "Not a bit," answered Loudon with all the characteristic impetuosity of ignorance stimulated by daring. "It's only guide-books which try to frighten one. The guide says it is quite easy if we only keep our heads." "And our feet too," ejaculated Weyland. Loudon was nettled. This was the second person who had suggested obstruction to his plan of mountaineering that evening,

just when the opportunity for it had come, an opportunity, too, with which he felt so radiantly prepared to deal. "Here's a splendid opportunity of our proving what we can do. Everything that we hoped for has come about and yet you don't seem a bit delighted." Weyland at once divined that his friend was set upon the scheme and in a moment had resolved that he must give in so far, but for himself he made one more feeble struggle. "Oh! of course, *you* must go, my dear fellow; but I think I will just wait a bit before going in for a regular climb. I really do not feel quite up to that sort of thing yet and I shall be quite happy strolling about here." "Nonsense!" Loudon interrupted: "of course I shall not go without you. I don't want to go. I'll go and tell the guide so at once." Loudon was about to go off fuming, but the kindly nature of Weyland would not allow a tiff like this to interfere with their friendship for a moment. Jumping up from his chair he caught Loudon by the arm and giving him a friendly shake, said, "All right! of course we will go. Come and tell me all about it." Loudon brightened at once. "Forgive me, old fellow," he said, "for being such a brute, but I couldn't help it. I have been so set on this ever since we started. And I could not do it without you." Weyland was softened. That Loudon should really wish him to be his companion in any project and actually feel pleased in his being so, was sufficient to cause Weyland's heart to flow in generous response to any call upon his friendship; and so off the two hurried to make their arrangements. The guide was again interviewed—one Gaspar Melchior—in the porch. A second guide, or rather porter, was to be in readiness who would carry the provisions. Flasks had to be filled with spirits. Boots had to be looked to, alpenstocks tested. At last all was done and Weyland trudged up to their common bedroom to prepare for a short night's rest as 4.30 a.m. was the hour for starting. When he got into the room, having thrown off his coat and waistcoat, he sat down upon his bed to look over his clothes

and see which would be best for the next day's expedition. But somehow he felt listless and heavy. He could not persuade himself to look forward eagerly for the morrow. He had vainly attempted to stir up an interest in the preparations, in the choice of his stock, in the colour of the snow-veil. Loudon had been trying and testing all sorts of things full of eager desire to have the best outfit he possibly could. But Weyland sat wearily on his bed feeling thankful to be alone for a bit, and in silence. His thoughts seemed to wander strangely to quiet rambles in England alongside green meadows by smooth streams; or by some long stretch of sandy seashore on which a line of breakers were falling softly and soundless. Why did these English scenes come floating across the mirror of his mind? Why did they seem so to linger in his memory? Suddenly the visions shivered into pieces as Loudon came stepping briskly in, and Weyland, shaking himself up from his dream, found Loudon sitting by his side, saying, "Look here, old fellow, I have just brought you this chamois hunting-knife as they call it. I thought you would find it useful in digging up any roots you might want: and that it would be a handy sort of thing to have to hang round one to-morrow." It was a large single clasp knife in a chamois skin case attached to a belt of leather with brass open work at intervals for buckles and joints. Weyland understood in a moment that the gift was intended as an "amende honorable" for the temper which Loudon had shown. He was touched by Loudon's evident desire to make all things pleasant, and he inwardly registered a vow that he would never again let his weak whims, as he called them, stand in the way of Loudon's pleasure. The friends clasped hands each knowing the meaning of the other's unspoken words. In a few minutes the lights were out and they were both in their beds determined to get as many minutes' sleep as the short night would allow them.

Loudon was soon fast asleep placidly snoring, but it was long before Weyland could reach that happy state. The more he

tried to compose himself the more actively his brain seemed to work: now his thoughts went back to old days at college, then they projected themselves into the future devising endless schemes of possible work. At last a vision of a great snow-covered range floated before him at which he seemed to be gazing, gazing, as from some green bank, dreaming of how glad he was to be safe home again on familiar ground, and then he sank gradually off to sleep. Once after this Loudon was awakened by a call from Weyland, "Charles, Charlie, why did you do it?" But as he sat up in his bed listening he only heard Weyland muttering something incoherently in his sleep and with a stifled protest Loudon sank down again and slept the sleep of the healthy. Knock! knock! knock! sounded through the still darkened room. "All right," cried Loudon, jumping up at once and striking a match. "Four o'clock, messieurs," added the porter insinuatingly from outside, and poor Weyland groaningly awoke trying to realise what was happening. Loudon's noisy preparations, however, soon fully aroused his companion and in a quarter of an hour they were creeping along the silent passages of the still dormant Hotel; Loudon in scarcely suppressed excitement, Weyland with a feeling of chill gloom which he in vain tried to shake off. Outside the door they found the guide Gaspar lighting lanterns while he argued with a younger man who seemed to be making some request. Captain Wheeler was there also looking very fit and ready but without any more life in his countenance than if he were sauntering down Pall Mall or being inspected by his Colonel. His views of life, either through constant drill or from natural mediocrity, seemed to have been so planed down that he was equally ready to do anything or to do nothing. Both pursuits suited him admirably. Meanwhile there seemed some hitch between the guides. "Parbleu! il faut venir," Gaspar was saying; while Jean, the porter, continued in low murmurs to plead apparently against being kept to his bargain. "What's all this about?" Loudon asked

Gaspar when Weyland, who had been listening with some interest, interposed. "This young fellow does not want to come with us. He says his mother is very ill and he is the only son left to look after her. He offers to get us a boy in his place." "Well, won't that do?" asked Loudon impatiently of Gaspar, who understood English after a fashion. Gaspar shook his head in much displeasure. He was anxious not to lose a moment more between himself and his fee. "Non, non, c'est impossible. Il faut partir. Allons! ce n'est rien toute cette fanfare là," contemptuously denoting Jean. "Well, what do you think?" said Loudon; "we are wasting a lot of time over this." Captain Wheeler suggested that it was probably "all humbug" and that one day could not make any difference. A hypothesis formed without evidence, so that it was just as difficult to refute as to accept. "But he is the only son," put in Weyland, "and why should we not take the boy whom he can get instead?" But Jean seemed to have already succumbed to Gaspar's stronger will and was placidly, though with a sad and wistful look, suffering himself to be loaded with the provision bags and various odds and ends which Gaspar deemed advisable to have at hand. "A présent, Messieurs. Il faut marcher," cried the latter, and Loudon with a doubtful, "Oh, I suppose it's all right," headed the others after Gaspar, Jean bringing up the rear with a second lantern. On the walkers tramped for about an hour, making their way slowly along the sloping sides of the lower Alp, occasionally winding up through fir woods or skirting level basins in the hills. Though the grey light before the sunrise had for some time allowed them to extinguish the lanterns, it was nearly two hours before Gaspar made a halt, and Loudon who had been watching the eastern sky cried ecstatically, "There it comes!" At that moment they stood upon a smooth upland above the woods. Only here and there stray pines were scattered like pickets thrown out before an advancing army, watchful and upright. Stoney ground succeeded, beyond which,

over the rocky side of a shoulder of the Alp, peered the huge moraine of a glacier which hung over a steep valley like an icy cloud. As Loudon spoke all turned to look at the sunrise. The faint glow had spread and deepened over the upper sky. Great streaks of orange and violet seemed to spread themselves above the horizon as if by magic. A grey haze still hung over the lakes and plain. Slowly and silently the great sun loomed up. Peak after peak caught up the light and tossed it as it were from range to range. Then the rocks glowed red: the very glacier seemed to flush with momentary warmth; and at last a burnished light shone in the plain, as lake and stream reflected back the glory of the morning. "How glorious!" shouted Loudon. "Fine, by Jove," ejaculated Captain Wheeler, just as he might have done on seeing a "big break" at billiards or on smacking his lips over a glass of mess claret. Weyland was gazing silently in rapt admiration till Loudon appealed to him again with an "Isn't it splendid, old fellow?" to which he answered slowly, "One would be content if this was one's last." "Oh! I hope we shall see a dozen more like it," laughingly interposed Loudon: and with one more look they started on their climb which was now really beginning. For another couple of hours they worked their way up the rocks at the side of the glacier. Progress was slow and there was little talk as each had to look out for his next step. Weyland's nails in his boots already showed signs of giving, and one or two slips of his on the rock made Gaspar shake his head and say, "Monsieur is not sure-footed." "Oh! he will get used to it soon," Loudon cheerily answered for his friend. And Captain Wheeler began to talk of the best boot shops, and to compare the charges of English and Swiss boot-makers. It was eight o'clock before the party reached a group of flat rocks where Gaspar called a halt and proceeded systematically to lay breakfast. Neat little packets of rolls cut in half, with slices of meat inserted, were laid before each by the obedient Jean, while Gaspar proceeded

to uncork a bottle of vin du pays. Conversation now began to flow. Loudon was in great spirits.

Captain Wheeler was cheerful as usual. And Weyland, who had before been getting a little fagged, soon felt refreshed with his repast and exhilarated by the brilliant air. The sun was now well up on its way. The atmosphere was clear and dazzling. The glacier gleamed with reflected radiance, and the great ranges of snow peaks stood out one after another, clear cut against a blue sky. "Why, it looks no distance," cried Loudon, gazing up at the Gletscherhorn, every line and curve of which shone distinct in the rarified sun-lit atmosphere. But Gaspar glanced up the snow fields and icy slopes knowingly, and in his broken English said: "Another two hours, Monsieur." "Nonsense!" cried Loudon, incredulously. Weyland looked up at Jean who was helping him to some wine, and asked in his best French what Jean thought. "Ah," answered Jean vaguely, with a shrug, "c'est fatigant." The meat was soon finished, and Gaspar gave the signal for the fresh start by proceeding to uncoil the rope which up to now he had carried wound round his waist. "A présent, Messieurs," he said, as he looped the cord round Loudon, then round Captain Wheeler and then round Weyland. While the three stood arranging the rope comfortably and testing their distance, Gaspar proceeded to finish off the remainder of the bottles. Weyland noticed that Jean was still handling one as if about to help himself to a drop, when Gaspar intervened, and taking the last bottle from Jean's hands he drained it. Jean turned wearily aside but Weyland's sympathy was aroused. "Oh! do give him some," he cried, but Gaspar only laughed and took his place in front, crying: "En avant!" Jean, just moistening his mouth with some snow, silently tied the end of the rope round his own waist and took his place behind Weyland. In another minute the line of roped climbers was beginning the slow and toilsome ascent across the glacier. There was no time for conversation. Each step had

to be looked to and no delay was to be brooked, except when Gaspar chose to halt at intervals. Up and up they went, now skirting a crevasse; now clambering over short ridges of rock, which cropped up through the snow, looking like the hogged manes of hidden mammoths; now slowly wending their way across steep icy slopes with frequent halts, while Gaspar chopped steps with his axe. Weyland was glad enough to halt at intervals. The unwonted exertion was beginning to tell upon him, and Gaspar would look back to bid "Monsieur Veyland" be careful on the slopes, and to be sure not to advance till he felt secure foothold. Two or three times he slipped, but Jean and Loudon jerked him up again; and though he and Loudon laughed merrily enough at these mishaps, the strain of keeping in the steps was getting wearisome, while the cold air prevented any long halt for rest. "How much longer?" asked Loudon, as they came to a stop after another slip by Weyland. "Vingt minutes, now," replied Gaspar, "steady walk." All pulled themselves together for the last climb, and in another half-hour, with a ringing cheer from Loudon, they drew up on the top of the Gletscherhorn. The rope was rapidly untied; alpenstocks and axes were flung down; and beating their arms or stamping their feet to keep warm, they looked round on the wonderful panorama before them. Range upon range of Alps rolled away on every side. Dark rifts showed where the upland glens pierced the hills. In front, on the opposite side from which they had ascended, a deep blue gulf of floating cloud drifted slowly up from the great river in the broad valley below. Beyond this, peak after peak towered up aloft. Behind them, the great snow and ice slopes of the upper glacier streamed down into rocky glens, a few pines still could be seen showing their heads along the lower ridges, and far away in the plain the chain of lakes glittered in dazzling sunlight. It was a glorious sight, and when peaks had been named and distant views pointed out by the guides, Loudon and Weyland contentedly gazed in silence, til

Gaspar, producing the remaining food and wine, bade the party make haste, as already his keen eyes had noticed the cold mist settling on some of the slopes now in the shade, where they would have to wend their downward route. "Well," said Loudon, "I am glad we have done it," as he began putting himself in for the descent. "Only say you are too, old fellow." "Oh, yes," answered Weyland, warmly, "the view has been grand if it was not so cold looking at it. I wonder how we shall get down though? These wretched nails of mine have got a good deal knocked about already." "Oh, it will be all right," Loudon confidently answered, as he ranged himself behind Captain Wheeler in his former place on the rope. But Gaspar seemed in doubt about something. He had been about to go behind Captain Wheeler and in front of Loudon, but he seemed uncertain, by the frequent shaking of his head at Weyland, who was trying to put straight some bent nails in his boots with his big chamois knife. Gaspar suddenly ordered Wheeler and Loudon to get roped up first, while he followed in front of Weyland who again had Jean behind him.

One more look the travellers gave at the glorious view. Already both sky and atmosphere seemed changed. Grey whiffs of cloud kept curling up around the side of the mountain. A wind seemed to whistle around the tops at intervals followed by a stillness in the air which chilled speech. Silently they began the long descent, and scarce a word was exchanged before the first halt. Captain Wheeler and Loudon both felt the responsibility of leadership, and proceeded cautiously, but hitherto the steps cut and stamped out on the way up remained clear and firm so that no halt for axe work had been necessary. Gaspar had at first narrowly watched Weyland's movements, but apparently had been fairly satisfied after a time, for he had refrained latterly from his previous watchfulness, and his repeated "Prenez garde, Monsieur Veyland." Weyland, however, still felt anxious and a little irritable within himself. His energies

flagged, and little slips followed by the extra strain of watching his steps, wearied him. He longed to feel on smooth ground again so as to be able to look round in peace on quiet landscape, or plunge into thought while his footsteps took him whither they would. "What folly to call this enjoyment," he found himself muttering unwittingly. His genius was not the spirit of the mountain, and he knew it. After the first half hour matters got more difficult. The steps temporarily made in the snow had got frozen over again in the cold mist which seemed rolling up stealthily on all sides. Constant halts had to be made while Captain Wheeler tried his hand at cutting fresh steps, which Gaspar generally insisted on enlarging before he would let Weyland step down on them. The cold was intense, and Loudon began to chafe at the slow pace. Once Weyland slid in spite of Gaspar's precautions, and the abrupt jerk of the rope which Jean gave from behind did not add to his composure. However, matters got straight again till Gaspar halted and asked Weyland for the loan of his knife to cut off some frozen snow which had stuck round the nails of his boots. As he was chipping away the bits, Loudon getting impatient called out: "Oh, let us get on. I am getting frozen." Gaspar laughed, and without giving himself time to close the knife he called out: "Allez donc," and the party got into motion. They had been going nearly two hours now, and had only one more steep slope before they would reach the rocks, where climbing down would be an easier process, and the rope would be finally discarded. Captain Wheeler cautiously advanced across this slope, every now and then working with his axe while the rest slowly followed in his steps. He had reached the first rock and halted for a moment, while he stuck his axe into a slope above him to balance himself and Loudon was preparing to follow, when all of a sudden they felt a jerk behind. Gaspar stumbled, ejaculating "Mon Dieu!" and in another minute Wheeler, without having time to look round, felt the whole party swing behind him. With both hands he

clung to his axe-handle, the axe itself being by the pressure wedged firmly into the hard snow. Loudon fell sideways and rolled over against the rocks. The rope had pulled him round, and facing back he saw Gaspar below him struggling to regain a foothold. Beyond the guide a slight ridge of snow, hardly perceptible to the walkers as they came across it, bulged up, out of which a small pointed rock jutted sideways. On this rock the rope had caught, but it was being rapidly jerked up over the point, for behind the smooth swelling ridge Weyland and Jean were struggling for dear life on the icy slope. These two who had slipped on the far side of the ridge could not be seen by the others, and the rope only could be seen by Gaspar and Loudon as it was strained and jerked by the efforts of the other two to regain their foothold. On the rope Gaspar was hanging with one hand, while with the other he had plunged into the snow just above the rope, the open knife which he had been carrying in his hand, not having had time to close it owing to Loudon's former urgency: the same knife which Loudon himself had given to Weyland only the night before in token of affection. Loudon, meanwhile, had been able to cling with both hands to the rough sides of the ledge of rock, on which Captain Wheeler, the only one in a firm position, was standing holding on with all his might to his firmly fixed axe with his back to the others, and swinging occasionally from side to side with the strain of supporting them. The eyes of Gaspar and Loudon mechanically fixed themselves on the rope grinding along the little pointed rock. Another jerk or two and the rope would slide over the point. It would run out its full length with Weyland and Jean hanging on to it. Gaspar had been unable to gain any foothold; Loudon would, inevitably, be dragged from his precarious position; Wheeler could never stand against the weight of four men struggling for their lives. It seemed evident that on the slipping of the rope off that little point, the whole party must in all human probability be lost. Suddenly Loudon saw the

open knife gleaming in Gaspar's hand. The guide had seen the danger at once. For a moment he had hesitated, but another jerk brought the rope to the very edge of the rocky point. Loudon looked at Gaspar. Their eyes met. "Il faut couper," Gaspar hoarsely murmured. *Loudon did not speak.* His whole being seemed to be absorbed in watching that knife which Gaspar's hand was drawing down across the rope. Even the thought of his own danger seemed lost in watching that sawing knife for those few seconds. Then he heard Gaspar shout: "Tenez fort, Monsieur." There was a sudden swing round of the rope which brought Gaspar against the rocks below Loudon. Then came a terrible scuffling sound with muffled cries; and as Loudon, himself half dazed, clung with chilled fingers to the rock, he saw the black forms of Weyland and Jean shoot down the glassy slope amidst a shower of splintering ice and snow. With a bound they rolled off the edge and vanished over the precipice below. The strain on the rope had lightened, though Loudon scarcely noticed it. Dimly he heard Gaspar beneath him bidding him fix his feet in some hole in the rock. The guide had got firm foothold just below him upon a lower ridge, and was calling out to Captain Wheeler, who, no longer feeling the strain, had turned round to help them up with a hand on to the ledge. Both were soon standing by his side gazing down the slope, and ejaculating incoherent sentences to explain to Wheeler the fate of their recent companions. It was over! Gone for ever those terrible minutes! Gone, beyond recall, that moment in which Loudon had seen the open knife and *had been silent.* Gone, the chance that perhaps, "after all," might have saved them. Who knows? Perhaps Gaspar, less intent on cutting the rope, might have found a foothold; or Loudon, stimulated to avoid the temptation, might by some frantic effort have pulled himself up on the rocks. But now, of what use was conjecture? The chance had been lost, and those two widows' sons had gone beyond recall. Ah! the agony of the vivid vision of "what might have been!" Un-

wittingly to Loudon's memory sprang the terrible lines of the old Greek poet :

"Of this power alone even God himself is deprived,
To make undone that which has been done."

It was many minutes before either of the three could speak calmly, or collect their thoughts together so as to arrange what was to be done next. It was Captain Wheeler who first recalled Gaspar and Loudon to their senses, by saying as he looked down the slope: "What is that thing gleaming there?" The other two turned to where he pointed. It was the handle of the knife sticking up out of the snow sideways, a portion of the blade gleaming where Gaspar had pressed it across the rope. "Ce n'est rien," said the latter, and flinging a stone he hit the handle so as to unloose the knife, which went skimming and rattling away over the ice to vanish over the precipice after its victims. Captain Wheeler looked surprised, but said nothing, while Gaspar with a determined look, re-arranged the remaining piece of rope, and placing himself in front, bade the others follow him carefully. What need to tell of the weary hours of the descent? It was in a dream that Loudon picked his way step by step down the cruel dreary snow fields, over the rough glacier, down to the rocks where they had all breakfasted so merrily in the morning. The rope was undone, and on the three tramped silent and wearily sad down through the gloomy pinewood. Once only Loudon looked up as Gaspar, creeping up to his side, muttered something. Loudon noticed that the guide was pulling at the broken end of the rope and biting the jagged end with his teeth. "Il ne faut rien dire," he murmured in Loudon's ear, while Wheeler was stepping out ahead of them. Loudon looked up as if to protest, but he only felt the pangs of that horrible scene again, and of all that it meant. He felt like a coward as he ejaculated something half in assent, and then he stepped fiercely on striving to stifle the cry of "accomplice!" which rose

to his lips. What need is there to detail the dreary sequence of that fated day? Loudon formed one of the search party, as did Gaspar and Wheeler, which started in the gray dawn of the next morning, with what different feelings, what blasted hopes, what shattered ideals, from those of the morning before! At the foot of a great precipice of rock, over the fringe of which shone the bright line of snow, and at the feet of which lay a narrow desolate ravine, they found the two bodies side by side, still attached by the cord, battered and bruised, yet with a calm still look as if the dazed life had left them ere they reached the first fatal fall, and the dumb souls had long resigned themselves to be borne hither and thither in the rough play of natural forces. Yet even in face of these silent corpses, the mean doings of the world must be enacted to cover disgrace, and Loudon knew it. Gaspar, who was leading the party, hurried up as soon as the bodies were seen, and with overwhelming expressions of concern, distracted his comrades' attention. He at once busied himself in unloosing the cord which was still knotted round the bodies, while he glanced nervously at the broken end. Apparently he was soon satisfied with its condition, for when the cord was disentangled, he threw it ostentatiously on the ground, exclaiming, "*Mauvais cordon!*" Loudon, too, furtively glanced at the object so addressed, and there, sure enough, was the end of the cord in strips for a few inches just as if it had been severed by the jagged end of the rock, and then become unravelled. It revealed no secret. No one could tell that, as a matter of fact, the jagged end of the rock had partially penetrated the cord, not at the end, but at the commencement of the tags, while the sudden cutting of it on the one side and the wrench of the falling bodies on the other had dragged the end over the point of the jagged rock, and thus rent it lengthways. All that followed was to Loudon a miserable dream. The weary tramp of the bearers, the official inquiry, the funeral service read by a stray clergyman from the hotel, the few straggling tourists

come to gaze out of curiosity. There was no gleam of relief in all those dreary doings. One thing did stir him to take a definite resolution. He had just returned from the funeral, and was trying to eat some food and settle some plan, when a rather too sympathetic waiter gingerly stole up to him with a subdued whisper that "*le pauvre guide, Monsieur, désire vous parler.*" Loudon abruptly answered that he could not see him; then, recollecting himself, he stepped out into the hall, and declining the offer of the waiter of a private room for the interview, he simply asked Gaspar what he owed him.

Gaspar stroked his head and began a long history of his reasons for thinking that his first contract ought to be cancelled. "You see, Monsieur, there are two good days lost over this affair: the second day's search, and then to-day, I might have had a good party! but there was the funeral, and I thought Monsieur would like—" "For heaven's sake," interrupted Loudon, impatiently, "say what you want and have done." In another moment he had flung down the exorbitant amount which Gaspar had screwed himself up to demand, and rushing up to his room, he flung himself on the bed with a cry of grief, and sobbed himself to sleep from sheer weariness of despair. Next day he left for England. Thus ended Loudon's first and last Swiss tour. Some ten years have passed since then. Loudon has made his mark at the Bar. He is in the thick of an increasing practice. His friends say he must "take silk" next year, and that a judgeship must soon follow; and yet, as he sits sometimes late in chambers after a long day's wrangling, with yet fresh briefs awaiting him on his return, his thoughts will wander back to that day on the Gletscherhorn. He sees again the wraith-like mists creeping up over the dazzling snows and brilliant blue sky above; he sees the fatal slope, the rock, the straining cord, the hand with the knife. That sight will never leave him. His friends say that he was never quite the same after that fatal ending to his Swiss trip. Some wonder that such a strong man

should never have been able to recover from such a temporary shock. Others, his lighter companions of Oxford days, deprecate his lost high spirits, and say he makes too much of the disaster. But there are others of a quieter type who are more drawn to him since that time. They find him more sympathetic, more thoughtful of other peoples' feelings and wishes. But the cause of any such change is hidden from all. He knows that he must bear it with him in secret to his grave alone. For no one lives now to throw any light upon it. It was when he was sitting one evening late over his fire that he abstractedly took up a newspaper lying at hand to glance over the contents. Suddenly his eye lighted on a paragraph headed, "Another Alpine Disaster." It related how a party had gone up one of the more dangerous peaks with a well-known guide, Gaspar Melchior, but they had been caught in a snowstorm, and Gaspar, with two others, had fallen through a hidden crevasse and been lost. In that same paper was a list of "killed and wounded" in a recent South African war, and amongst the killed was "Captain Wheeler, late of H.M.'s — regiment of foot." So both had gone; and Loudon, in the bitterness of his heart, cried, "Why am I alone to be left?" Why? Who can say? Perhaps his life will give the only answer.

"Alone the sun arises, and alone
Spring the great streams!"

SPENCER L. HOLLAND.

TO
Henry Edward Manning,

CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER.

(Suggested by three portraits recently published in Merry England.)

WITHIN the halo of thy golden hair,
Seated on golden sand ; with one sea-shell
Pressed to thy childhood's ear, as if to tell
To thee some great sea-secret hidden there.
In manhood, next ; at work beneath the glare
From noon-day sun, and midnight moon, that fell
On clouds and stars—thyself a star as well,
Amidst the clouds that filled the troubled air.
Last, with the shadow of a coming crown,
At sunset, settled on thy saint-like brow ;
And ever, day by day, reflecting down
Gold gleams of light on loving hearts below.
Great, Good Archbishop ! from thy Minster See,
Bless us, for God—as we bless God for thee !

JOHN CROKER BARROW.

Frank Leward.

(Continued.)

NEW ZEALAND.

Frank to Mrs. Leward.

AUCKLAND,*NEW ZEALAND, *June 1841.*

MY DEAR MOTHER —We managed to get here but it was all we could do its a very old ship and wasnt properly refitted at Launceston. I have left her here and I expect she will be turned into a whaler. This is a splendid country and I have been going about all over this part of it. It has been awfully mismanaged by the stupid missionaries they have done their best both to spoil the country and the natives. Their great object seems to have been to enrich themselves. The New Zealand Company might do a good deal if it wasnt for the missionaries who do all they can to ruin the company to stop them from disputing the right to the land the missionaries have secretly taken from the natives for themselves.

The Maoris are a curious lot awfully fine looking fellows and some of them not at all bad looking especially the young ones. I went with a man I met here right into the middle of the Island. He knew their language and we got on very well with them. If you are civil to them and treat the chiefs as you would treat any other gentlemen you were staying with they behave beautifully to you, it all depends on how you treat them. One place we got to called Ohinimuto on lake Rotoroa, that means the big lake, was the most curious place you ever saw. Steam all over the place that comes from a lot of boiling springs

some just bubbling up out of the ground and some going right up a long way in the air. The Maoris come there from all over the Island to get cured of rheumatism or anything like that. Its the jolliest thing in the world to bathe in the hot springs. The water is so hot they do all their cooking in it without having any fires. Then we went on horseback through some pretty country to another lake called Tararoa and the Maoris took us in a big canoe over it. Its a long rough sort of lake with mountains all along and we put up a sail. They are tremendous duffers at sailing and a squall came along I saw it coming and just got the sail down in time or we should have capsized and all gone to glory. We landed at the mouth of a jolly little river and got into a smaller canoe and they paddled us up to another lake called Rotomahana, that means hot lake. At the end we came to there is the most curious sight I ever saw beautiful white marble terraces one above the other reach from the water of the lake a long way up and over the terraces comes boiling or at least very hot water, the terraces are really basins full of this hot water and you can walk over the edges of the basins from the lake right up to the top and the hot water comes over your feet. I cant describe things I wish I could Im a dreadful duffer at that sort of thing you cant imagine how beautiful it looked. Then when we had seen a lot of other boiling springs and looked down a beastly hole the Maoris call the Devil's Blow hole where there is the most frightful row going on we got into one of the canoes again and crossed the lake to the other side higher up it did seem funny if you put your hand into the water it was quite warm. As we were going across we came in sight of more terraces more beautiful if possible than the ones we had left perfectly pink terraces and quite smooth not rough like the others we walked up them with bare feet. When we got near the top we undressed and went into one of the basins Maoris and all it did seem curious to see the dark Maori girls swimming about among the men. They are so innocent they dont see any harm in it. They

seemed to enjoy it as much as we did. It was jolly the water as blue as anything and perfectly blue sky over head and the jolly mountains all round. If it wasn't warm enough in the big basin you were in you could go up to the next one higher up and then we went into the one above that. That was fearfully hot. We stayed in altogether nearly an hour. The top ledge where the water flows from is boiling hot. You have the most delightful feeling all over when you come out a sort of splendid glow quite different to the feeling of coming out of a common hot bath.

The Maoris were very civil to us and said we were nearly the first pakehas that is white people who had seen these things. They won't let pakehas go there generally because they have been treated so badly by them and been so robbed. They catch jolly little sort of cray fish in one of the rivers near and cook them in the hot springs we eat a lot of them bathing makes you so hungry and you feel so well and good-natured. Then we paddled back over Rotomahana to the river we had come up. This river runs with so strong a current from Rotomahana to Tararoa there was no need to paddle. A splendidly made Maori boy quite naked stood at the bows of the canoe and steered it round the corners, and there was a girl his sister in the other canoe steering that one in the same way. It looks almost impossible to prevent the canoe being carried into the bank as you go round the corners but they keep it off by a single turn of the paddle in a very clever way. You sit at the bottom of the canoe not on seats but on dry fern leaves and so your head is almost on a level with the water and it feels awfully jolly as the water rushes by. I *was* sorry when we got to Lake Tararoa. We went back to a place called Wairoa, that means big river, and we slept in a whare with a Maori family. They were very glad to have us and I shall never forget my visit to the terraces as long as I live. The whares are not half bad places to sleep in. They are long sort of sheds with two long wooden walls at the side and one at the back and a

slanting roof supported by poles in the middle. The roof and the side walls stick out in front some way past the entrance part where there is a door and one small window, and the roof and side walls in front of the entrance door make a sort of porch in which the men lie about smoking or sleeping all day and the women cook in front of that in the open air or sit squatting on the ground talking and laughing like anything. I send you a picture I drew of the one we slept in it was the biggest in the pah and the picture of a Maori man and woman who own it. They sleep altogether grandfather and grandmother uncles and aunts and heaps of children. They lie on fern leaves and cover themselves over with large blankets. They are just like grown up children and awfully merry. It was rather late when we got there. The chief who owned the canoe that took us hes not a big chief but a little one they have lots of chiefs owned the hut and led us in. It was quite dark only a small sort of charcoal fire in the middle of the whare and when we went in all the people sat up and asked what was the matter the man said Pakeha and they were astonished. The women got out their pipes directly, they smoke more than the men, and asked us for some baccy which we gave them and then they sat up talking and laughing and smoking till I dont know what o'clock. I was rather tired and was glad to lie down on my fern leaves. The chief was awfully hospitable and gave me and my friend the best place to sleep in and turned two of his wives out to make way for us. I didnt like to see them turned out but they didnt seem to mind much and my friend said the chief would be awfully offended if we didnt accept the bed he offered us. It was very warm and I was soon asleep. They dont get up very early. I could hear the children playing about soon after it was light and one or two of the women were talking and cooking outside but it must have been ten or eleven before the men were up. Then we all sat round a big fire outside and ate some fish they had caught in the river out of a big dish, you should have seen us

all helping ourselves out of it with our hands. If the chief saw a particularly nice piece he would make us take it. Then we had some stuff they are awfully fond of and live on when they cant get anything else. It is made out of the root of the ferns. They roast the root and then grate it into powder with stones and then cook it and its not at all bad.

We stayed about there some time and got to know them quite well they seemed awfully sorry when we went away. I got to be able to speak a little of the language which is very pretty and easy to learn and I got to like the poor people tremendously. One girl the daughter of the big chief about there an awfully pretty girl and not half so dark as some of them got fond of me and asked me to stay and marry her but I told her I had some one a beautiful white lady a long way off in England I was fond of and hoped to marry some day she came and waved her arms about in the air as we went away I could see her a long way off I was awfully sorry to go I suppose I shall never see them again. They are a splendid race quite different to the stupid natives in Van Diemens Land if the missionaries would only let them alone and white people wouldnt teach them to get drunk they would be all right. They are a quarrelsome lot amongst themselves. Though they dont exactly understand what we mean by owning land each tribe has a certain district they have a right to live in and if any other tribe comes on that land by Jove theres a row. Only the chiefs fight that is the free people slaves arnt allowed to. If a chief is once taken prisoner he cant be a chief any longer he becomes a slave to the man who has taken him, if at all a big chief is taken in battle it is a matter of honour to kill him so that he may not be a slave. They would rather die than become slaves. When there is a tremendous row between two tribes one will sometimes get the English to come in to help them exterminate their enemies.

Thursday. Weve only just got back to Auckland its been

beastly rough travelling the rain has begun. I havnt settled yet what I am going to do. I have spent nearly all the money I brought. I think I shall go round to Wellington to try to get some land from the New Zealand Company and see what I can do with it. I had a letter from Lady Franklin just before we left Launceston asking me to go and see them but of course I couldnt. I saw Edwards Baccy Edwards in Launceston he is getting on very well and awfully rich. I hope I shall find a letter from you at Wellington with good accounts of you and Granny and all. Your affectionate son

FRANK.

Mrs. Leward to Frank.

CLAYDON, *January*, 1841.

MY DEAREST BOY,—I havn't had the heart to write to you before. I knew I should begin about my sorrow at your going away again, and I don't like to give you pain, you have suffered enough already and will suffer much more I fear when you read this letter. Poor grandmamma was dreadfully grieved at your departure, especially as you could not say good-bye to her, she knew then that she would never see you again. She became ill from the day she heard you were gone and took to her bed from which it pleased God she should not get up again. She suffered a good deal at first, and Aunt Jane sent for us before the end of November and we, papa and I, were with her to the last. She was taken from us, sleeping peacefully, a few minutes after twelve o'clock at night on Christmas Eve. Just as the village church bells began ringing for Christmas there came the most beautiful smile on her face and she passed away looking so happy again, quite as I can just remember her when I was a girl before papa died. Throughout her illness she was constantly talking about you and wondering where you were and thinking whether it would be possible for you to come back to see her before she died. If you could have done so how

different things might have been. During the last month or two it has been very cold and she had much pain from rheumatism, and her mind wandered sometimes and then she seemed to confuse you with your grandfather and constantly I heard her say she hoped you would forgive her, and that it was not altogether her fault. I knew what she meant and I tried to comfort her by saying you were too generous to care much about money. And one night, just before the end, she told me a great secret which I must not tell you till you come home and settle down, no one knows it but me. I don't think I ought to have said anything about it.

My dear boy, I must now tell you how things are left by her will. Do not be angry, it was not her fault or mine, though I think it is very unjust. My father left everything in his will to grandmamma and though I knew he meant it all to go at last to my eldest son he did not like to fetter grandmamma's power of leaving it. From what she has often said to me he had told her he wished it to go to my eldest son unless there was any great reason for not doing so. By his will he made your father her trustee, because as perhaps you know he had a very high idea of your father's honour and business habits. Papa, I mean your grandfather, had not as a young man led a very strictly religious life and your father had latterly succeeded in making him see the errors of his early days and in inducing him to take a more serious view of things. For this my dear father was very grateful and, as I said, made him his executor and put in his will that he trusted grandmamma would be guided by his opinion as to whom she was to leave the property on her death. Now it seems this in law gives papa a right of saying who shall have it, at least your papa's lawyers wrote a long opinion that it was so and that if grandmamma did not follow his advice it might all be thrown into Chancery and be swallowed up by legal expenses. I have seen this opinion but I confess I do not understand it.

Papa told all this to grandmamma while we have been staying here and read her the lawyer's opinion and told her a great deal more about your wandering and careless habits and that you did not understand the value of money, that she was in duty bound to follow the advice of the person whose advice her husband had so strictly enjoined her to follow and a great deal more, and at last though I could see only with a great effort and much against her own feelings and wishes she said, "Well you know best I suppose." So papa who had got the will already drawn up made her sign it, and Aunt Jane was the witness. She never looked so happy afterwards until all was over, and then it was no wonder for she was with my dear father in heaven. And there my dearest boy your poor mother often wishes she was too. Her mother gone, her Frank away, no one knows where, and this question about the will has made a coldness between me and your father which I cannot quite get over.

I need hardly say that old Glades goes to Arthur. Papa is to be his trustee till he is twenty-one, and then he is to have full possession but Aunt Jane is to live in the house, if she wishes to, during her life. I told Mabel about it when I saw her the other day. She seemed very much shocked, and said she did not think you cared much about money or anything else except travelling about the world.

Grandmamma gave me a number of messages to send you, but I cannot remember them now. Whatever you do don't say a word about the great secret I don't think I ought to have mentioned it to you. I hope I shall hear from you soon and that you are getting on well in New Zealand and making a great deal of money and will soon come back to your poor old mother. Do take care of the savages we hear such dreadful accounts of them that they are cannibals. Aunt Jane is very unwell. Nursing grandmamma knocked her up. I have made it up with her but I was very angry with her for helping papa

to persuade grandmamma to make her will as she did. Your
loving mother,

M. LEWARD.

Frank to Mrs. Leward.

WELLINGTON, Aug. 1841.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I got here the other day and found your letter telling me of Grandmamma's death. It always makes me feel lonely and far away from home when I hear of any one dying there and especially dear old Granny. She is the first particular thing I can remember when I was a very small kid and she was always so jolly and kind I never knew her put out. I am afraid she had a good deal of pain before she died so I suppose it is all for the best. I am sorry she and you were bothered about the property before she died and you had a row with Aunt Jane. It doesn't matter much I never thought anything about it till you talked to me about it at Claydon the last time we were there. I daresay Arthur will manage it better than I should only sometimes I thought I should like to live there when I get old. I must work hard now and make some money but the thing is how to do it. It's difficult to make anything by the land unless you are accustomed to farm or have got some money to begin with. Some gentlemen who have come out here and taken land from the New Zealand Company can't get on at all labouring men get on very well. I met Colonel Wakefield who is the head of the New Zealand Company he wants me to take up land here or at Nelson but he says the new Governor is such a fool he spoils everything and won't listen to any one except the missionaries and all they think of is keeping every one away so that they can get as much land as possible for themselves and their children. If I had £500 or £1000 to start with I might join with some one and get on all right. I am determined to get on somehow or other so I have agreed to join a whaler for a year at least. It is awfully rough work you have to go about doing nothing unless you see a whale

and then I believe its very exciting. We start in about a week and its time I did start Ive spent everything I brought knocking about at Auckland.

I dont like this place so much as Auckland though its rather pretty with the sea in a sort of basin just like a lake and mountains all round. I liked the Maoris at Auckland very much and got to know many of them quite well. Just across the water there there is a fortified pah with palasades and things all round it they used to like me to come to see them. You should hear an old chief called Waikipui. In the evening if its fine they sit in a ring outside their whares and some old chief tells yarns about his ancestors and what heroic things they did fighting some other tribes. They are awful beggars for fighting and tremendously strong. I believe they could easily lick the English if they would combine. Then another chief begins to yarn and so they go on all night. If it is cold they warm up one of the whares till its like an oven and all sit men and women huddled up together till it gets so frightfully hot I couldnt stand it long and it gets to stink so.

Good bye dear old mother very likely you wont hear of me again for a year or more unless we speak a ship. I never thought I should come to be a whaler its considered the lowest thing for a sailor to be. As I can take the sun and work it out pretty well I am going second mate the Captain doesnt know much about navigation they say. We get lays that is we are paid in proportion according to the tons of oil we take when we get back. Your affectionate son

FRANK.

Same to the Same.

LAT. 50 S. LON. 170, Feb. 1842.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I make a shot at where we are because Im not always right and no one else on board knows much about taking our bearings. Theres no exam for whalers if there was

they would never get any one to come. The boss knows his way about somehow because hes been so often before but I dont know how he manages it he can hardly read and cant write at all. We havnt had much luck yet only a lot of seals down off Campbells Islands and the Auckland Islands. At the Campbells Islands theres a lot of ice and the seals go about as if they were skating and the Maoris knock them over the head with a club. It was rum work getting there we had to get through the ice in a boat the Maoris went in front breaking the ice. At the Auckland Islands theres no ice but the seals get into caves and on the rocks and we had to go in after them. They bark something like dogs and sometimes they fight like anything its good sport. Their skin is very valuable. We got one pure white thats very rare the boss wants it if I can I shall get it for you. The men on board are frightfully rough they were picked up at the Bay of Islands right up in the North of the North Island. The Bay of Islands isnt so bad as it used to be, in old times it used to be a perfect hell upon earth there was a collection of the worst lot in the world runaway convicts from New South Wales and Van Diemens Land and the worst of the natives. They made money whaling and sealing and used to spend it there and did just as they liked. Every house was a drinking place or worse and there was no one to look after them. The missionaries were supposed to govern the place and an unfortunate man named Busby who was sent by the English Government as a sort of consul to the missionaries. This old fellow the natives used to call a man of war without guns because when he used to make a row he couldnt do anything else. The missionaries werent much better than the rest and all they did was to get the natives to give them up the best bits of land which they took good care to stick to. Some of these missionaries are awfully rich now. The scenes that went on at the Bay of Islands were frightful. The whole place used to get drunk then they would begin to quarrel and fight and got mixed up with

the Maoris anyhow. However its rather better now though Governor Hobson is a stupid old ass and does whatever the missionaries tell him, and the quarrelsome Maoris can insult the English as much as they like and hes afraid to interfere. We hadnt enough men starting so we had to put into a small place South East of the Middle Island and got six Maoris awfully fine fellows when we got them on board we had to land in a boat to get them and were just setting sail down came their wives one with a baby on her back they always carry their babys that way tied round them with a sort of shawl and suckle them over their shoulders. They made a peculiar wailing sort of noise throwing their arms about in the air and one of them went right into the surf and struck out for the ship. It was rough dirty weather and the sea running pretty high but one by one the others followed her and swam out to the ship. The skippers a determined rough sort of fellow and didn't like it and wanted to go on and leave them but the first mate and I made a row and the old man swore like a trooper but hove to and picked them up. The baby got drowned but the women got in all right. They are rum uns and stay with their husbands on deck in all sorts of weather.

Im writing this in hopes of sighting a vessel homeward bound and then I will send it. Its a lazy nasty life with nothing to do but cruise about with a man aloft looking out for whales. We see them spouting in the distance but they are generally black ones and no good we want sperm whales. If we once get into a school of them we should do all right and go back to Wellington and make a lot of money and I shall have had enough of whaling. The men are the lowest scum of the earth. I have a few books Roderick Random and Tom Jones and some more but one gets so lazy you can hardly take the trouble to read and the ships so beastly dirty and the men and officers are worse.

Please remember me particularly to Mabel give my love to papa and all tell him if I once get back to New Zealand I in-

tend to settle respectably if I make enough to get some land. Mind and write to me at Wellington. We expect to be there in about a year Your affectionate son FRANK.

April about 12 ship in sight going to send this off.

Mr. Leward to Frank.

THE SHRUBBERY, NEAR SOUTHAMPTON,

Oct. 31, 1842.

MY DEAR SON,—We have just received your last letter, written to your mother, and dated February (the day of the month is not mentioned) of the present year, from lat. 50. S. long. 170, and apparently delivered to another ship about the 12th of April following.

I extremely regret that you should have found it necessary to engage yourself in the whale trade, which, from all I can hear and read upon the subject, seems to be a life of great hardship and privation. We trust by this time, or at any rate before this reaches Wellington, that you have returned safely there, and have commenced pastoral or agricultural pursuits, or both—pursuits, I need hardly say, much more becoming a gentleman of your birth and station than those you have lately been engaged upon.

I understand from your mother that she some time ago, indeed immediately after the event, informed you of the demise of your venerable and venerated grandmother, and of the disposition which she made of her estate. You, my dear son, could scarcely have been astonished that she had preferred your brother Arthur to succeed to the Glades. Your wandering life, your nomadic habits, though think not I am casting one single stone at you on that account, rendered you, well, not so suitable a master of a landed estate as your younger brother is likely to be; while the early age at which you left school, the manner in which you left, though again, let me assure you, I am not seeking to upbraid you even for that on the present occasion, and a consequent lack

of education, rendered you, although the elder by the accident of birth, inferior as regards, I may say at any rate, adventitious advantages.

Arthur, on the other hand, is all either she or I could have wished for, and we had every reason to suppose that he would make an admirable landed proprietor, a model of a Christian and Protestant landlord, an example of virtue and propriety, as well to his neighbours as to his dependants. He matriculated at Trinity College, Cambridge, at the commencement of last Easter term, after having carried off numerous prizes from Upton, and the goodwill and approbation of his masters. He has already distinguished himself at the University, both by his perseverance and industry, and by his vigorous efforts to induce a more evangelic tone amongst his fellow-students.

Though your grandmother declared by her will that Arthur should succeed to the real estate and heir-looms, she, after providing for an annuity of £300 to be paid to Aunt Jane for her life, bequeathes all the personalty to you, including jewellery and furniture, and all the money which she owned at the time of her death, both what she had in her own right, as well as that she received from her husband, and also all her savings which she had accumulated since her husband's death. These accumulations ought to be considerable; but strange to say, although we have searched everywhere, and in every direction, we have so far been unable to discover what she has done with them, how she invested them, or where the securities are. Neither her solicitor nor her banker knows anything about them. The latter tells me that she from time to time for the last ten years drew out various sums, which are not accounted for in any accounts she kept. We shall, however, continue the search, and I shall let you know immediately if we succeed in tracing them. As to the ready money found in her possession at the time of her death, I send that, together with an addition of my own, to enable you to buy some land in New Zealand.

At the time you wrote last, you had not so far succeeded in obtaining any of those fish for the capture of which your expedition had been fitted out. I will pause here only for a moment to point out some of the edifying lessons which even your then avocation would suggest to a thoughtful and *thoroughly* religious mind. The coin found in the fish's mouth and the lesson drawn from it, that we are bound to honour and do due reverence to the powers that be. The miraculous draught of fishes, teaching us that even sinners and those of little faith need not quite despair, but may pray that their faith be strengthened and they *perhaps* be saved ; also that those who *deserve* it, those who are amongst the chosen ones, those who work hard and faithfully for it, will have their reward even in temporal things and that to overflowing. You should also have been reminded of those sons of Zebedee who were found mending their nets, but who, when summoned, as even *you* at any moment *might* be summoned, left all to follow the voice of God. Simon Peter also and his brother Andrew were called when employed in a similar avocation by the sea of Galilee ; and the missionary spirit, which was afterwards so abundantly shown in Peter especially, may perhaps instil in your mind, some day, the desire that among the savage tribes where it has pleased God your lot should be cast, even *you* should some day work for the salvation of souls. Then you ought not to have forgotten how Jonah was mercifully and miraculously saved in a whale's belly for three days and nights, after *his* heinous sins of rebellion had, too, been so great that *he* had been cast out from the ship for fear that all in it would meet with a judgment. You might also have been led to remember the crying sins of Nineveh, and that punishment of destruction which was denounced against her, and then you would, I think, strive to cleanse *yourself* from a too great love of the world.

You will find with this letter a bank bill for £500 to assist you, as I said, in your settlement in New Zealand, and I send with it a parent's blessing and prayers that you may be converted

With much love from your mother, who I regret to say has not been well lately, either physically or mentally, and from your brother, who begs me to tell you that he joins with me in my prayers for your conversion, I am always your very affectionate father,

FRANCIS LEWARD.

TO MR. F. LEWARD,
CARE OF THE AGENT OF THE NEW ZEALAND CO.,
WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND.

Frank to Mr. Leward.

WELLINGTON, *June* 1843.

MY DEAR FATHER,—I have just returned here and received your welcome letter and your generous enclosure. You cannot tell how useful it will be to me. I cannot thank you enough for it. Our whaling was very successful we came upon a school of sperm whales South of the Society-Islands, and the makings of the voyage will be the largest got for years. My share will be over £300 I expect. Our lays are divided according to the rank we hold. You may say indeed it is a life of hardship, I didnt think it was possible for anything to be so bad and brutal. Its an idle lazy life. The ways of the men and even the officers are disgusting. At one time we were nearly having a mutiny. After we had got the whales and were boiling down the blubber a beastly business, the men wanted to get back to spend the money they would get. The Captain wanted to stay to try for some more and the men threatened to seize the ship. We knew that meant the murder of us and all who wouldn't side with them. So while they were down below holding a sort of meeting the Captain said hed stand no more nonsense and batted them down. We then got all the guns and things and powder we could get and loaded. We had only the Captain firstmate one boson boat steerer and the six Maoris they were twenty with harpoons hatchets knives and one or

two pistols. When they found themselves battened down they got furious and we could hear them trying to break through the bulk heads, thats the partitions that divide their part from the other parts of the ship. Of course if they got through the bulk heads they would be able to get to the afthatch they could take us in the rear while we were looking after their hatch in front which we had battened down. Or else they might get at the ships stores and spirits if they did that they were safe to get drunk and pretty sure to set the ship on fire. So the Captain to frighten them fired at their hatch and it so happened as luck would have it one of them had climbed up to the top of the hatch inside and was looking through a small hole to see what we were doing just as the Captain fired, the bullet went through his heart and he fell down dead amongst the others below. This frightened them so they holloed out a man was killed and said they would give in. So we let them out one by one and they went to work but we had to keep a sharp look-out afterwards. The poor fellow who was killed was the youngest of the lot and I liked him the best we did all we could for him but it was too late so we buried him or at least put him overboard I read the service and all the others took off their hats. The Captain is to be tried for it here but of course he will get off if he hadnt done what he did I dont suppose we should have got back alive. As it was he thought we had better get back at once and secure what we had taken.

I met a man named Johnson here more than a year and a half ago he is a very respectable sort of man and has done pretty well on some land he took from the New Zealand Co. while we were away, he has just sold out of that because of the way the government have treated the Company. The government at home and the government here seem perfectly idiotic they listen to no one but the missionaries who are doing their best to spoil this splendid country. Johnson has offered to let me become partners with him and both of us to buy a much larger

lot of land further up the country and stock it properly with sheep and cattle. It seems a good offer and I expect we shall take up about 10,000 acres from the government almost directly. Its quite in a new part where hardly any white people have been. I will write again when we have decided.

Please remember me to all and tell my dear Mother I am getting on well. Your affectionate Son, F. LEWARD.

Happiness.

AMID all the diversities and disagreements of human life, there are many characteristics inherent in the human system, and common in all ages and countries to all men, whether wealthy or poor, learned or otherwise, characteristics which need neither cultivation nor encouragement of any kind for their presence or persistency, which neither ignorance nor refinement can destroy, and which stamp our race, strange and varied though it is, with an indelible family likeness. One of these characteristics is the universal desire for happiness, and the universal and persistent effort to gratify that desire.

Whatever may be our immediate object in life, happiness is always a part of it; no object would be sought if it were not expected to give happiness; happiness inspires and sustains the effort; happiness is, in some way or other, the expected flower of success. So it is with the whole course of life as with each particular part of it. In youth, this ultimate object of pursuit is nearest, because of our innocence; and for the same reason it then seems easiest of acquirement. But the years which we hope will bring us to it, or it to us, ever make the distance greater. Like the gossamer, which the ascending sun unmoors, our grand object, unmoored by time, floats—anywhere but to us; and the eagerness of grasp, the ardour of desire, and the confidence of success, become gauges wherewith our inevitable disappointment may be measured. Like the verdure of spring, it is seared by the breath of summer, withered by the winds of

autumn, annihilated by the frosts of winter. Like Longfellow's *Evangeline* it ever flees before the pursuer over the harsh world. Where it was, or seemed to be, it is not. We grasp at things, like men in dark places ; but the objects we mistake for happiness, whether wealth, power, popularity, or sensible delights of any kind, like sea-side pebbles, lose their lustre as we touch them. According to our temperament, we either cast them aside impatiently, or conceal our disappointment as best we may ; but in either case, the inextinguishable yearning continues to burn, the pursuit continues to be upheld while life lasts. In face of all obstacles and disappointments, now as in all past ages, wherever from pole to pole our lot may be cast, or whatsoever our condition, the most vivid idea in the human mind, the most ardent and ineradicable desire in the human heart, the object which includes all objects, and which we instinctively long for and strive for, and would probably make any sacrifice to obtain, is simple, perfect happiness. Experience, reason, and human knowledge of every kind, tell us that the pursuit is vain ; that though a high degree of happiness may be reached in this life, it lasts but a short time ; and that though it were to last during life (a thing not to be hoped for), still, marred by the prospect of an end, it could not be perfect. If our pursuit be vain, so also are the voices internal and external that tell us so. They might as well be silent. Not all the accumulated experience of our race, not all the disappointments since man first learned to hope, not all the misery that we have ever read of, heard of, or endured, no influence that can be brought to bear upon us while our faculties are whole, can ever deprive us of this idea and desire. We are strangely impelled to seek happiness by the very faculties which assure us we can never attain it. As our senses constantly promise it, and as constantly deceive, so the light of prospective happiness, even while it lures us on, shows the folly of the pursuit. Still that pursuit is maintained, lifelong, unceasing.

The heart, refusing to accept the judgment of reason, perpetually gives birth to new hopes as old ones perish. The object is too congenial to be abandoned. On and on we go, and though unhappiness is our chronic state, we are never convinced that it is our natural state: down to our last gasp we hold fast to the ideal, and die with a wish or a hope on our lips.

What a unique and inconsistent creature man is! somebody may exclaim. Stay; he is unique, truly, but perhaps not inconsistent, after all. The idea to which he clings so tenaciously is that of his very childhood, when purity and innocence and love beamed from his soft face, and lit up his calm, bright eyes. He has clung to it through youth and manhood and old age. Perhaps it is, and perhaps it is not, the only thing he has faithfully clung to. In either case, it has never done him harm, never cost him a blush, and whatever his fidelity to it may be called, it is not inconsistency. May it not be rather the prompting of a higher nature than that of the body, and of a purer knowledge than that of the intellect? May it not be the yearning of a captive soul for purer, freer, brighter realms?

Happiness is the satisfaction arising from the gratification of desire; or it may be otherwise described as the indulgence of the faculty of pleasure. It is a satisfaction or pleasure within the reach of all living creatures, to each according to its susceptibility of gratification. Being pleasure by excellence, every particular pleasure is but a part, a variety, or a reflection of it; and the desire for each particular pleasure, whether it be the possession of an object, the performance of an act, or the attainment of an end, is but a part of the general desire for happiness. In the case of man, it is ministered to by every sense of the body, every power of the intellect, and every faculty of the soul; varies in kind, as it is derived from one or other of those sources; and varies in degree according to the value or beauty or agreeableness of the object, the intensity of the desire, and the sensitiveness of the person desiring.

Complete or perfect happiness would be the full satisfaction of all, but particularly of the higher faculties of the creature, the full gratification of every desire, the full possession and entire enjoyment of everything that the mind is capable of enjoying, with an abundance sufficient to satisfy every desire, and exclude everything unpleasant, and with a duration proof against injury, diminution or decay. Ideals differ, as do the minds that conceive them, and as in happiness the ideal is the real, no two conceptions of particular happiness can be the same throughout; hence, more is not here aimed at than to give a general outline, less than which nothing can be properly called perfect happiness.

To begin with the lowest forms of life, some plants appear, to those who study them closely, capable of enjoying a species of happiness. Perhaps all feel more or less of it according to their kinds. It would be difficult to prove either that they do, or that they do not. The highest powers of plants are those by which they grow, flower, and fructify. If what encourages this marvellous development from a simple seed, as does the warm sunlight, gave pleasure, and if what prevents or mars it, or wounds or blights it, gave pain to the plant, we should not think it incongruous.

The lower kind of sensible happiness common to the animal world results directly and immediately from the gratification of the senses, and lasts only during gratification, except in the case of man, when, if it be approved by conscience, it may minister to intellectual happiness. In the lower animals, which are merely physical, the highest faculties are those of the senses, and consequently those animals find in the gratification of the senses their chief object in life, and, so far as they know, their chief good, Nature has obviously designed for every living creature a state natural to it, and has implanted in the essence of its life a desire, and in its physical organization a competency if given its freedom, to reach that state and find its true happiness therein.

We may think, and perhaps rightly, that we improve the condition of an animal by compelling it to live otherwise ; but it is certain we do not increase its happiness, whatever other result we achieve ; and if the animal is perfectly free, it will, some time or other, return to its native state, to enjoy the society and food and sport of its species, in preference to the very best we can offer it. It may like our treatment very well, but it likes happiness better than anything, better than all things else. Happiness, such as is suited to it, is the highest and dearest object of its life. The desire for it is not acquired, but instinctive, and such as nothing in the world can eradicate. The state towards which that desire leads is the animal's natural state, and is, clearly, that in which its greatest measure of happiness consists.

This sensible happiness is available to all living creatures in the degree in which their senses exist and are developed. If any sense be missing, the creature can, of course, receive no happiness through that sense ; and if any be defective, so also must be the happiness derived through it. But these are defects only relative to a higher order. The creature in question may, in its own way, be perfectly happy ; for since each sense is adjusted to its object, the power of enjoying can never be in excess of the power of desiring ; and if the object of desire be moderate, so also is the desire itself, and the power of enjoying the thing desired. It is, therefore, obvious that what would constitute perfect happiness for an inferior creature of few and obtuse faculties, would not satisfy a creature or being of a higher order and greater capacity. All the desires of one creature may form but a very small part, if a part at all, of the desires of another ; and the complete satisfaction of desire being essential to perfect happiness, it follows that the happiness of different creatures must be different.

Concurrently with all this variety in the lower animals, the desires of each class are uniform, not only throughout that class

at any given time, but throughout all time. The known desires of the horse, ass, and sheep, for instance, are the same everywhere, were the same four thousand years ago as to-day, and doubtless will be the same four thousand years hence; so that their happiness is a fixed quantity, which can always be known, and is always attainable, man permitting.

Man, as a material being, possesses all the physical senses in the most complete manner and in the highest order of development. Of all living creatures, his sense of pleasure is the most exquisite, and, as might be expected, his desire the most intense. He is, therefore, capable of deriving the highest order and greatest amount of happiness from their gratification. There is no pleasure derivable from sense that may not be his in perfection. The smiling sunlight cannot be more pleasing to plant or flower than it is to him. No living thing can enjoy any sensation more exquisitely than he. As man, he enjoys, not the pleasures peculiar to this or to that, but the highest pleasures of all, and in a degree beyond comparison; and not only this, but the very creatures themselves are his creatures. Superior to all other creatures in desire and in power of enjoyment, it follows by analogy, unless nature is here false to an otherwise universal law, that man's natural state is one of superior happiness, and that there is in him a competency to reach that state. Thus, perfect happiness is natural to man; it is competent for him to attain it, all the conditions being favourable. If he were merely a material creature, his desires would be fixed and limited to the things attainable, like those of all other such creatures; his superiority, possession and control of other material creatures, together with the pleasures peculiar to his own species, would be ample to make him the happiest of all living creatures; the gratification of his senses would be his chief good in life; in that gratification his perfect happiness would consist, there would be in him no place, no function, and no occasion for any other than the physical nature,

his state would be one of present perfection, his happiness absolutely complete.

Does there exist, then, or has there ever existed, a human being perfectly happy in this world? Alas, no. And why? Because of man's manhood. Because man's desire and power of enjoyment being superior in kind and in capacity to the world, the world can never satisfy him, and the privation is proportionately great. His desire is never fixed, settled or calculable; whether in prosperity or adversity, it is progressive, always active, always growing. Its dimensions are lost in infinity; its duration is lost in eternity.

Our animal desires are strong, but hardly anyone who thinks at all can expect true happiness from the gratification of these. Such desires are productive of good, when indulged to the extent sanctioned by reason and conscience, and afford the greatest amount of happiness derivable from those sources. This, at best, is transitory; and besides, in this indulgence the impaired nature of fallen man ever hurries him on from what is useful and legitimate, to what is excessive, irregular, illegitimate, and criminal. By yielding to this impulse, he dethrones reason and conscience, and sets up in their stead mere animal desires which soon become ruling passions; so far from acquiring happiness, he dispels it, impairs or destroys the very faculty by which true happiness is enjoyed, sows the seed of remorse, blunts the sense of honour and virtue, casts aside moral restraint, to don the shackle and the badge of the brute creation, and ultimately, from being the noblest of God's creatures, becomes the meanest of living things—a creature, such as man alone is capable of becoming, without use or beauty. The thoughtless and reckless may call this "enjoying life," and it is so—but only in the sense in which brutes enjoy it. Nay, the lowest thing that crawls enjoys life in this sense better than man can do, being free from that spiritual craving, and from that principle of remorse, from which man can never wholly rid himself.

The fact that, though all men are tempted, so few fall to this great depth of depravity, is in itself evidence of this higher nature which is an essential part of manhood. There is other evidence in abundance, but this arises from the present argument. We know that it is not flesh or blood or bone or marrow that restrains man and keeps him pure and noble. No ; it is a spark of the divinity, a spiritual and intellectual nature, which, by its intrinsic superiority, effectually debars him from finding happiness in gross and material gratifications, ever suggesting a purer and higher source, and urging him on in pursuit of happiness in a direction very different from his animal propensities. The illegitimate gratification of animal desires will certainly make him miserable and mean ; but their legitimate gratification will not certainly make him happy. On the contrary, it is only when they are all gratified, or otherwise stilled, that the mind is free to soar to loftier regions or lower depths, to find new objects of desire, to enquire into the cause and end of all things, and even into its own workings, to think, to plan, to speculate, to learn, and to forget. New interests, enthusiasms and anxieties, sympathies and antipathies, spring up and multiply. The brute of to-day is satisfied with what satisfied its class four thousand years ago ; but not so man. Not what any generation of men desired, nor what all desired, nor even what ourselves desire, would satisfy us if obtained. The more we obtain, the more our desires would enlarge and intensify.

The simple or inexperienced may suggest—and we should respect every suggestion of innocence—that though man is superior to all other creatures, and lord of creation, fortune so interferes with the laws of nature, and so deranges things, that man rarely possesses all that he is entitled to as man ; that in practice he rarely has all his wants supplied, and all his wishes gratified ; that his enjoyments are neutralized, if not overborne, by his griefs ; that his keenness of sensibility exposes him equally to pain and to pleasure ; and that a being so constituted,

so endowed, and so exposed to conflicting circumstances, could not be happy ; but that, given a man into whose possession the world and fortune poured the gratification of every wish, from whose path and presence every cause and object of sorrow and discord and disappointment and pain were removed, whose knowledge of suffering was inferior to his pleasure in relieving it, whose power was superior to all his requirements, whose mind was in a susceptible mood, whose body was in a healthy condition, and to whose special happiness every instrument of pleasure was specially devoted : given such a man, they may say, surely he would be perfectly happy.

To this it would be sufficient reply to ask, even if happiness were the certain accompaniment of such a condition, of what value would that fact, or the knowledge of it, be to the human race, since such a condition is practically unattainable? But there was one man who did reach that enviable height, and his account of the result is a more positive reply. That man was King Solomon. In his case, all the conditions were present. He surpassed all that had gone before him, in wealth, in wisdom, and in all those gifts of mind and body for which men yearn, and having given his heart to the enjoyment of all, and not denied himself any pleasure, Solomon found in all things vanity and vexation of mind. So also with an ancient Pagan warrior, who, it is said, when he supposed he had the world conquered, wept because he had not another to conquer. It is this insatiability of the human heart which Dr. Johnson so beautifully illustrates in his allegory of *Rasselas* in the Happy Valley. *Rasselas* was, like the beast, pained with want, but was not like him satisfied with fulness. He could discover in himself no power of perception which was not glutted with its proper pleasure. Surely, says he, man has some latent sense for which this place affords no gratification or he has some desires distinct from sense, which must be satisfied before he can be happy. *Rasselas* and his sister escape from the Happy Valley, and

apply themselves to the enjoyment of everything that the outer world esteems. They go hither and thither, up and down, from the highest position to the lowest in pursuit of happiness, and find at the end that they have been pursuing a shadow—that in this world

“Man never is, but always to be, blest.”

The insufficiency of material possessions to confer or secure perfect happiness is illustrated in another way by a simple German legend, which tells of a king or emperor who was dying of a disease which nothing could cure but the shirt of a happy man. Messengers went through the country in all directions in search of a happy man, and having failed to find one, were returning sadly disappointed, when unexpectedly in passing through a forest they came up to a man sitting on a log, resting, and smoking his pipe after cutting some firewood. He was a happy man, the only one they found, but lo! he had no shirt.

It may be proper to add, parenthetically, that this is not meant as a plea for the abolition of shirts, however consoling it may be to those who have them not. But the lesson it conveys is as true as anything can be, that true happiness does not always accompany, and cannot be commanded by, material possessions, that the happiest men in this world have neither wealth nor power, and that the most miserable are sometimes to be found among those who possess the largest proportion of the world's goods. Poverty is an evil, in as much as it is want of power to do good; but wealth is a much greater evil if it be used to do harm.

Neither should true happiness be expected from the health of the body; for this, in itself a great blessing, being, in a sense, but the measure of our ability to use or abuse our powers, the happiness to be derived from it is contingent on our conduct.

Intellectual superiority, a greater blessing still, is open to the same objection, being power of a higher order and proportion-

ately greater efficacy for good or evil. All power exists in an atmosphere of temptation.

Popularity may make those who enjoy it happy for a time, but, depending on the will of many, it is notoriously unstable. True friendship is a better source of happiness ; yet not even true friendship gives perfect happiness, because it cannot take exclusive possession of the mind, and because it must end with life and may end sooner.

All our gifts, endowments, and possessions, the physical as well as the mental, the smallest as well as the greatest, are given us for good use, and their value to us depends not always on their intrinsic worth, but on the use we make of them. The proper use of them, under the guidance of reason and conscience, secures the largest measure of happiness obtainable here, and is the best guarantee of an endless happiness hereafter. But though fortune were to obey our every wish, and to endow us with every gift and possession of body and mind, and though we were to make an angelic use of them all, we must not suppose that we thereby make God our debtor ; we must not count upon happiness either as accompaniment, or as reward ; first, because the best we can do is merely our duty, for which we can make no price ; and secondly, because our true happiness is not here.

Every species of happiness attainable in this world is more or less sensible, and it will be observed that precisely in the degree in which any particular cause of happiness approaches to, or recedes from, the moral and intellectual, it is pure and longlived, or gross and shortlived. The more closely the cause of either joy or grief touches the mental faculties, the more intense the feeling is ; and neither pleasure nor affliction can ever be very great if the mind does not partake of it. However superior to all other living creatures man is, he is not out of harmony with them ; but his position is unique, and his functions are peculiar. Like them, his desires are according to his nature ; but his nature being superior to theirs, so also are his desires, and so,

necessarily, must be his happiness. Human life, even in its simplest forms, is full of incidents and subtle influences strangely contradictory and at once creative and destructive of intellectual happiness. Like the tenderest of flowers, it flourishes or pines from causes light as air and scarcely as perceptible. Yet the intellectual nature being intrinsically superior to the physical, and the intellectual desires being proportionately the greater, man's happiness, to be at all perfect, must satisfy the intellect. Beyond the passive feeling of plant or flower, beyond the pleasures and pains of animal life, the scope of the human intellect is boundless, sublime, and endless, and so also must be the happiness which would satisfy that intellect. And when that were done? Yes ; when that were done there would still remain an ethereal essence refusing to be satisfied with anything that sense or intellect can command, or that time or the world can bestow, which, in spite of every obstacle, incessantly seeks its proper object in a limitless region of eternal truth, purity, beauty, and love.

This being the kind of happiness to which man naturally aspires with an unremitting persistency, it must be that for which he was created, and which it is possible for him to attain. While reason leads to this certainty, it also points out the fact, equally certain and obvious, that such happiness is altogether unattainable in this life, and can be reached only in an endless state of existence. On the evidence of nature herself, it follows that there must be such a state of existence in store for man, that it is his most important and ultimate natural state, and that happiness in that state is his chief good and his only true happiness. We know intuitively that God, Who gives happiness in the measure of its capacity to the meanest of His creatures, will not wholly deny a like blessing to the nobler creature who bears His image and in whose heart He has implanted an inextinguishable desire. We cannot believe that it would be divine to do so, and therefore, we do not believe that it is so. Our hope

sustains us against all our disappointments, and through all our unrest. An endless state of existence is necessary to show forth the justice of God and the perfection of nature, as well as to satisfy human reason, human desire, and human hope. Such a state of existence is, clearly, spiritual and supernatural.

Man is a complex being, swayed by different and sometimes contradictory desires, and requiring for his guidance and governance a complex law—a law of the flesh, corresponding to his animal nature; a moral law, corresponding to his intellectual nature, or reason; and a spiritual law, corresponding to his spiritual nature, or faith. If man had never fallen from his original purity, he would never have known unhappiness or pain, corruption, moral or physical, and the two first of these laws would have been sufficient for him. Having fallen by his own wilful act, no power inherent in himself could or can reinstate him without the concurrence of his will also. If he is to be reinstated, it must be under a new law of spiritual efficacy thus rendered necessary, otherwise religion; and it must be by the power and mercy of the Being offended, deserved and solicited by the offender.

The moral law which the mind in its best exercise finds natural to itself, is called the natural moral law. It is the highest product of the human intellect, the highest level to which, unaided, it can attain. It is the summit towards which the purest and best of our race, Pagan as well as Christian, have ever been climbing in the lifelong pursuit of their ideal perfection. It is religion of the intellect, and needs only to be spiritualised by the religion of faith to make it a certain means securing for the spiritual life that happiness which alone is perfect and eternal. It is, and has always been an essential part of true religion; and its commands have, besides their natural force, all the force of religious doctrines, with an eternal reward for their observance and an eternal punishment for their violation. This reason requires. This religion teaches. Nothing else could be perfect. Anything else would be an aggravation

rather than a rectification of the anomalies of this world. The commands of the moral law are the moral virtues, such as chastity, patience, charity, truth, justice, all which, apart from any law, it is shame to violate. The person who practises these virtues spontaneously, for their own intrinsic worth and beauty, is at once happiest and best, and experiences even in this life an elevation of soul unknown and incredible to all but those who experience it—a veritable foretaste of that celestial happiness for which it is the best preparation, and towards which it incites. Even within the narrow compass of our own lives, we see ample reason, and shall receive ample reward for practising those virtues.

But, after all, great as the moral virtues are in their immediate and in their ultimate effects, delightful as is the way they lead, and pure as are certain to be our companions thereon, they are but a means to a greater end, and they do not best achieve that end when practised exclusively for the restricted and selfish purpose of securing our own happiness. Still less do they achieve when practised merely for the happiness they give in this life, or for the health, prosperity, or other social advantages which they usually confer. If practised for any such petty purpose, they may or may not effect the immediate object, but beyond that they have no higher value, and bring no merit to the doer. They are not virtues at all; they are acts of expediency, and may be harmless or may be blasphemous. It is not so much the act which gives intellectual or spiritual value—for virtue may exist without power, as the widow's mite in the Gospel was more valuable than the rich offerings of wealthy men—but the act as a resultant of real, living virtue. A similar act, if practised for the purpose of doing evil, or of acquiring power to do it, is part of the evil; as a kiss formed part of the most dreadful crime the world has ever witnessed. It is only when we look above and beyond our little selves, and come to derive real, heart-felt pleasure from the contemplation of merit greater than our own, or from the raising and strengthening of

what seems less, that we tap the purest fountain of earthly happiness. To feel and to teach this great lesson of life, that one of the surest ways of attaining happiness is the patience with which we bear our disappointments, and thus to throw an unexpected and cheering light into the depth of gloom itself; to cheer the drooping heart of the afflicted, and induce the sorrowful to feel that a path may lie even through their crosses to a brighter goal; to raise the bowed head of the shame-laden in the merciful spirit of Him Who said, "let the man who is without sin cast the first stone;" thus, and in a thousand ways, we, even the lowliest of us, can bring to others and to ourselves a happiness and greatness which worlds could not purchase.

On the other hand, besides the eternal punishment which awaits the wilful, habitual violation of the moral law, it produces even in this life the lowest degradation and greatest misery to which man can fall. The world has no scourge equal in severity to a torturing mind. A man's real happiness or real misery comes from within, and is his own work and not that of any other. "If there be joy in the world, certainly the man whose heart is pure enjoys it. If there be anywhere tribulation and anguish, an evil conscience feels the most of it." And the worst a man can feel here from such a cause is but a faint picture of what awaits him in the life eternal. Thus the desire for happiness is quickened and strengthened by its opposite.

The religious sense, then, is man's highest faculty—that in which he is susceptible of his most intense pleasure or most intense pain, according to his life; that in and through which alone he can be perfectly happy or perfectly miserable. Perfect happiness certainly exists for every individual; but not here, necessarily not here. In a better world it awaits us, where real goodness is the only title, the only distinction, and where desire gives place for ever to enjoyment. Not all the world can prevent our obtaining that priceless treasure if we really will it; not all the world can obtain it for us if we will it not.

L. GINNELL.

The Haydock Papers.

Formby.

“ Its altar fallen, in ruins lie
Its walls grown to decay ;
Its very burial mounds are gone,
Its monuments away ! ”

—*Gilfillan.*

IT seems that there was a prospect of George Leo Haydock being appointed to Formby, some time before he left Crook Hall in 1803. A letter to him from his relative, the Rev. Thomas Caton, then chaplain at Townely Hall, gives some curious information about the Formby mission, to which we have added a few notes. It is merely dated, “ Burnly Wood, May 30,” and he does not give the date of his being at Formby, but as he was at Culcheth from June 11, 1791, to June 29, 1792, it was probably between that time and his going to Townely. He went to Cottam, July 24, 1812, and died there August 14, 1826.

“ I was in hopes ere this you had got possession of Hornby, as the bishop would not give it to either of the Worswicks, and the reason was that being so near their relations, they would either be constantly at Lancaster, or the relations would be at Hornby. Both father and mother asked the bishop when dining with them for the place for one of the sons, but he was resolute. As to Formby, it would do very well if you wish to farm and to be among a set of humble, well-meaning people. The congregation at Easter is about 250 ; great numbers of children, but not employed in any manufactory, so that any day or hour

they come for instructions. I had 80 at Catechism every Sunday, and about 15 of the oldest every Wednesday and Friday evening at my house for instructions. The people are a blunt, honest people, and as old Bordley [Rev. Simon George, the eccentric missionary and schoolmaster at Aughton] calls them, 'a loving people'; but you must lord it over them, or at least keep a high hand, and not be too easy with them, or they will be masters of you. They are a people, if they see you wish their good, you may mould as you please. I was happy in the extreme, had the congregation been about 100 fewer. There are no rich people, and none very poor like what we find in the weaving countries. The house and ground is rented of a Protestant clergyman, and the ground will clear the house rent. He lives at Formby, is a most agreeable young man, and will do anything for you that you could wish [Rev. Richard Formby, LL.B., of Formby, whose father was apparently the first Protestant of the family]. Neighbours are Mr. Buller, at Ince, three miles off [Fr. John Buller, S.J., died at Ince in December, 1811], Mr. Taylor, Crosby, four miles off [Dom Charles Boniface Taylor, O.S.B., died at Crosby in April, 1812], Mr. Gregson, at Sephton, about five miles off [Dom Rich. Vincent Gregson, O.S.B., died at Sefton in Sept., 1800], Mr. Johnson, at Lydiate, three miles [Fr. Robert Johnson, S.J., left Lydiate in 1821], Mr. Crook, a very sensible and agreeable young man at Ormskirk, seven miles [Dom Rich. Joseph Crook, O.S.B., died at Ormskirk in January, 1800], and about two miles further on the Preston road, Mr. Kellet, out of your neighbourhood [Rev. Hen. Kellet of Burscough Hall, died there Aug. 14, 1808, whose relative, Rev. Richard Kellet, was the son of Robert Kellet, of Woodplumpton, and Elizabeth, his wife, daughter of Robert Haydock of Leach Hall].

"The income as well as I recollect :—

Benches	£24	0	0
Interest of money left by a Mr. Blundell	5	0	0
The Grange money	5	0	0
The old chapel rent	3	3	0
		3	F

Interest of Mr. Bastwell's money . . . £5 0 0

[The Bastwells were an old Catholic family of Aughton, one of whom, John, was outlawed for nuisance in 1680. Mr. James Bastwell, of Ormskirk, gent., and Mary, his wife, were benefactors to the chapel of St. Anne, Ormskirk, and their anniversaries are noted on May 3 and Feb. 9. James Bastwell gave £1050 for ecclesiastical education in the Northern District, £772 7s. 6d. of which now forms a fund at Ushaw College, of which the priest at Aughton, the Rev. James Dennet, claimed the nomination.]

Money paid by the Jesuits yearly . . . 2 11 6

Eleemosynæ missorum that you may depend on 8 8 0

£59 7 6

"The rent of your house and ground is £24, or as I had it, £8 for the house alone without any land, but if you have the ground it will, I think, bring you in free. The bench money is paid very regular, quarterly, all the other yearly, sent without any trouble. The old chapel has undergone some repairs lately, so that I believe it will take the interest money a year or two to pay the expense. Your congregation will lie very compactly about you; there is no need at all of a horse, unless for your own private satisfaction, a mile and a half being the farthest you have any off. The house is, or at least was, entirely furnished, so that I had not a farthing to lay out when I went, which is a great object for a beginner. Should you go I shall certainly pay you a visit, though you won't me. Would I live in a gentleman's house but he should allow me a horse? Let me know if you go. I remain, sir, yours sincerely, T. CATON."

Alt Grange, commonly called The Grange, in Little Altcar, adjacent to Formby, was formerly the granary belonging to Whalley Abbey, when the manor was held by the monks. It

lies among the sand-hills upon the shore, and was originally a place of some importance, as it always contained a chapel.

In 1716, Thomas Smith, high-constable of West Derby, reported to the Commissioners for forfeited estates that at "Grange, near Formby, [is] one Mr. Wollfall, who is reputed to exercise his functions as a popish priest at a place called New-hall, in West Derby. At Formby there is a certain building erected in the reign of James II. intended for a popish chapel, and now a dwelling-house, but the rent is received by a popish priest commonly reported : yearly value £1 10s."

The Rev. Thomas Wollfall, younger brother of Richard Wollfall, of Wollfall Hall and Moor Hall, Esq. (the last of his family), was ordained priest at the English College, Rome, in 1699, and used the *alias* of Butler on the mission. He served The Grange, and died there in 1720. His predecessor in the mission was the Rev. Edward Molyneux, of the family of Molyneux of The Grange, probably immediately descended from that of New Hall. Between 1626 and 1633, the names of John Molyneux, of The Grange, gent., and Margaret his wife, regularly appear in the recusant rolls. In 1667 Mrs. Molyneux was a widow, and with her son Edward and his wife Katherine paid the usual penalties for their religion. Mr. Nich. Blundell, of Crosby, tells us that the Rev. Edward Molyneux was born at Alt Grange, was ordained priest at Douay, and for 38 years was a most laborious missionary in Formby, Crosby, and the locality, having under his charge at the time of his death more than 800 penitents, besides children. He resided with his brother Richard at The Grange, a property held by his family for many generations under long leases from their kinsmen the Viscounts Molyneux of Sefton. He was found dead on the sands, Apr. 2, 1704, his death having been occasioned, according to tradition, by a highwayman. On the following night, about ten o'clock, he was buried in the old Catholic cemetery at Harkirk. Shortly after the death of Mr. Molyneux, Thomas

Tickle by his spiritual will, dated Aug. 26, 1704, left £30, part of a charitable bequest of £100, to the mission at The Grange, then served by Mr. Wollfall. After his death, in 1720, no priest is mentioned as resident at The Grange. It was probably served for a time from New Hall, for Richard Molyneux, by spiritual will dated Feb. 15, 1734, bequeathed £100, or £5 per annum, to the secular priest officiating at The Grange or New Hall.

Though part of Formby came within the Grange mission, the Jesuits possessed the ancient chapel referred to in Mr. Caton's letter. In 1701, Fr. Richard Foster, S.J., was the missionary, but he resided at New House, in the Car-houses in Ince Blundell, which the Society erected in that year with the intention of keeping a boarding-school, though this design was never carried out. Fr. Foster died at New House, May 9, 1707, aged 35, and was buried at Harkirk. His receipts for serving Formby amounted to £16, being £6 allowed by the Society, and £10 contributed by the congregation. Fr. Christopher Burton afterwards attended to the mission, and after him Fr. William Clifton. Thus the mission continued to be served from New House until 1740. Mass was also said in the chapel at Formby Hall, till the Formby family apostatized, or were robbed of their faith, about this time. It is not improbable that the hall chapel was occasionally served by the secular clergy, for the Formbys were educated at Douay College. Anyhow, in 1740, the Rev. John Debord *alias* Davison, a Douay priest, was serving the secular mission in Formby from Moor Hall, then the seat of the Stanleys, who had succeeded the Wollfalls. In that year it was arranged that the Father at New House who served the Jesuit chapel in Formby should permanently reside there, and in December of the same year Mr. Debord removed to Esh, co. Durham, though his successor at Moor Hall, the Rev. Thos. Wareing, also served in Ince and Formby till about April, 1744. New House was finally given up after the death of Fr.

William Clifton, S.J., in 1749, aged 71, who had served Formby for thirty years. He was succeeded by Fr. Francis Blundell, S.J., who found the income at Formby to be £20. He remained at the mission till his death in 1779, aged 62. He was the son of Richard Blundell, of Carside, in Ince Blundell, and his wife Elizabeth, daughter of Richard Tickle, of Ince Blundell and Altcar.

The Blundells of Carside were a junior branch of the Blundells of Ince Blundell Hall. Through their settlement in Preston, in the latter half of last century, they have been confounded with the ancient family of Blundell resident in that town for centuries. Their names, however, appear in the recusant rolls throughout the whole period of persecution. Richard Blundell, of Ince Blundell, yeoman, and his wife Cicely, were fined in 1633 and subsequent years, as likewise Henry Blundell, of the same, and Margaret his wife. Laurence Blundell and Ellen his wife occur in the roll for 1667, and Laurence again appears in that for 1679. Richard Blundell, of Carside, registered his estate as a Catholic non-juror in 1717; his will is dated 1730. He had sons, Laurence, Richard, and Francis the Jesuit. Richard settled as a corn-merchant in Preston, and died in 1772. He was succeeded in his business by his son John, who handed it over to the Gradwells in 1802, went to Ireland, erected flax mills at Navan, and died in 1810. His daughters, Elizabeth and Mary, were the mothers respectively of the Very Rev. John Canon Worthy, V.F., of Euxton, and the Right Rev. Bernard O'Reilly, Bishop of Liverpool.

Fr. Blundell was succeeded at Formby by his nephew, the Rev. Francis Blundell, son of Richard, of Carside, and his wife Helen, daughter of John Chadwick, of Birkacre, Chorley, gent., and sister of the Rev. John Chadwick, V.G., of Weld Bank. Mr. Blundell was a secular priest ordained at Douay, and as the Society had been suppressed in 1773, the ex-Jesuits handed Formby over to the sole charge of the secular clergy. The con-

gregation about this time was returned by Vicar General Chadwick at 350 communicants, probably an error for 250. Mr. Blundell found no fund for the maintenance of a priest except £2 11s 7d, the interest of £86, paid by the ex-Jesuits, and the money left by his uncle. The latter consisted of two amounts; of the first, £250, one hundred subsequently, in 1801, was expended in discharge of a debt incurred in fitting up the new chapel, as alluded to by Mr. Caton, and the second consisted of the reversion of £100 bequeathed to Fr. Blundell's housekeeper. Mr. Blundell removed to Stonyhurst after some years, and died in 1792. Mr. Miller succeeded him at Formby, and was there on Oct. 10, 1784, when Bishop M. Gibson confirmed 73 persons, the congregation being estimated at 250. He apparently was succeeded by the Rev. Thomas Caton. How long he remained is not stated. A new chapel was erected and opened in 1798, on the site of the ancient chapel mentioned in Mr. Caton's letter, which had belonged to the incumbent of Formby from time immemorial. The next priest found at the mission was the Rev. Joseph Maini, who came in 1806 from Leyburn. In 1818, the number of his congregation was put down at 650. He left in 1834 for Yealand, and was succeeded by the Rev. John Smith, who retired in ill-health in 1852, and died May 24, 1853. The Rev. Thomas Crewe took charge in 1852, and died at Formby Aug. 21, 1862, being succeeded by the present missionary-rector, the Very Rev. James Canon Carr, V.G., President of St. Edward's College, who now has the assistance of his nephew the Rev. Wilfrid Carr. In 1864, a fine church was erected on a new site.

Ugthorpe and Whitby.

"For there is joy both true and fast,
And no cause to lament,
But here is toil both first and last,
And cause oft to repent."

Fr. Nicholas Postgate's Hymn.

In 1796 George Leo Haydock received minor orders at Crook Hall at the hands of Bishop William Gibson. In the following year he was admitted to the diaconate, and, after defending his *theologia universa* with great applause, was ordained priest on Sept. 22, 1798. For close upon five years he was retained in the college as a professor, and during that time, Dr. Kirk informs us, was an incessant reader of the fathers, divines, and biblical annotators. On Feb. 5, 1803, he took possession of the mission at Ugthorpe, near Whitby, a poor mission in Yorkshire, where his salary at first was but £27 a-year. It was known by the *sobriquet* of "the Purgatory of the mission."

Here resided the holy martyr Nicholas Postgate, who was put to death for the faith, at York, Aug. 7, 1679.

"Nor spar'd they father Posket's blood,
A rev'rend priest, devout and good,
Whose spotless life in length was spun
To eighty years, and three times one.
Sweet his behaviour, grave his speech,
He did by good example teach.
His love right bent, his will resign'd,
Serene his look, and calm his mind.
His sanctity to that degree
As angels lived, so lived he."

Ward, England's Reformation.

The poet speaks feelingly, for he was intimately acquainted with the good old man. For upwards of fifty years he had assiduously laboured in this his native locality, converting hundreds by word and example, and contentedly living in wretched

huts on Egton Moor and at Ugthorpe. He was a man of no mean literary attainments, and possessed a refined taste for poetry. Perhaps it was during that dreadful period when he was hunted about from place to place, through the fanatical persecution which the insidious Earl of Shaftesbury raised by means of the impostor Oates and his *confrères*, that he penned the following two stanzas in his beautiful hymn to Jesus :

“ And thus, dear Lord, I fly about
In weak and weary case,
And like ye dove Noë sent out,
I find no resting-place.

“ My wearied wings, sweet Jesus, mark,
And when thou thinkest best,
Stretch forth Thy hand out of ye ark,
And take me to Thy breast.”

At length the venerable man was apprehended at the house of one of his parishioners at Little Beck, near Whitby, and was with his harbourer committed to York Gaol. His trial and condemnation for exercising his priestly functions quickly followed, and thus he obtained that rest, that glorious crown of martyrdom, for which he had so ardently prayed.

“ But now my soul doth hate ye things
In which she took delight,
And unto Thee, ye King of Kings,
Would fly with all her might.”

The martyr's immediate successor at Egton Bridge and Ugthorpe seems to have been the Rev. John Marsh. He was a priest “ of excellent wit, parts, and zeal,” says an ancient record, and being banished London by Dangerfield, one of Oates' accomplices, fled to Lancashire, and then “ humbly betook himself to the most desolate and laborious place in Yorkshire.” His abode was chiefly at Egton Bridge. He was followed by the Rev. George Bostock, *alias* West, who resided in the house of Richard Smith, gent., the representative of an ancient Catholic

family seated at Egton Bridge. This worthy priest was here when Bishop Williams made his visitation in May, 1728, when eighty-four persons were confirmed, but died on the following Sept. 17th.

Shortly after, the Rev. John Monnoux Harvey, *alias* Rivett, who had opened a boarding-school in London in 1729, or the following year, transferred his establishment to Ugthorpe. His venture had met with considerable success in the capital, and consequently had attracted the vigilant eyes of sensitive Protestants. In 1733, attention was called to the school and its energetic master in a little pamphlet entitled "The present state of Popery in England." The penal laws were still in force against Catholic schoolmasters. The very idea of anyone daring to provide Catholic education for the sons of Catholic gentlemen was an outrage on society! Such audacity could not be tolerated; it was inconsistent with the glorious principles of liberty and the rights of conscience as understood by the upholders of the free and enlightened Church established by law! Poor Harvey, therefore, had to fly to the most out-of-the-way place he could find. He re-opened his school at Ugthorpe, with what success does not appear, and so continued till after the Stuart rising of 1745. The defeat of Charles Edward was an incitement for another burst of persecution, more vigorous than any that had been witnessed since the discomfiture of the Chevalier de St. George in 1715. Towards the close of 1745, Mr. Rivett, the name by which Mr. Harvey was generally known, was apprehended and brought before three justices of the peace, charged with being a Popish priest and keeping a school for the education of children in the Popish religion. This he acknowledged, and as he refused to take the prescribed oaths, by which he would have abjured his religion, he was committed to York Castle. In the following March he was tried at the Lenten assizes with Sir William Anderson a Valladolid priest, "for that, being Popish priests, and, little regarding the laws and statutes of this realm, and not fear-

ing the pains and penalties therein contained after the 25th of March, 1700, to wit, the 8th of Sept., in the nineteenth year of George II. (1745), did say Mass at Craythorne and Ugthorpe, and that office or function of a Popish priest did use and exercise in contempt of the said Lord the King and his laws." After some time Mr. Harvey obtained his release from prison, and seems to have withdrawn at once to London.

In the meanwhile, the Rev. Thomas Shepherd, a newly-ordained priest from Douay, took charge of the mission at Ugthorpe for a short period. In 1747, the Rev. Edward Ball arrived, and possibly he may have re-opened Mr. Harvey's school. He remained there till 1757, and subsequently became a professor at St. Omer's College. It is not certain that there was a resident priest at Ugthorpe between Mr. Ball's departure and 1767. The former pastor, the Rev. Thomas Shepherd, may have attended the mission from Egton Bridge. In the latter year, the Rev. John Bradshaw came from Douay, and in 1768 opened the chapel which was still in use in Mr. Haydock's time. In Oct., 1773, when Bishop Walton made his visitation, Mr. Bradshaw returned his congregation at one hundred and seventy communicants. After a few years he was succeeded by the Rev. Thomas Ferby, who remained till 1777, and was followed by the Rev. John Marsland, who came from Scarborough. Mr. Marsland probably remained till 1787, when the Rev. Henry Dennett took charge of "the Purgatory of the Mission," as he characteristically termed it. After a durance of twelve months the sturdy Lancashire priest was released, and from that year, 1788, Ugthorpe seems to have been served by the Rev. Thomas Talbot from Egton Bridge, till the arrival of the Rev. George Leo Haydock in February, 1803.

JOSEPH GILLOW.

Cardinal Howard.

ENGLISH Cardinals are scarcer personages in history than English Kings by a round number. Never until 1879 had three been together in England at one time, when Cardinal Howard came from Rome on a visit to his native land for the first time after his elevation to the red as a Cardinal Bishop in 1877. His visits were always welcome—to his Protestant and Catholic relatives alike. His Eminence's mother (*née* Heneage) was a Protestant, and brought up her three daughters in that religion. Lord and Lady Carnarvon happen both to be the grandchildren of the Cardinal's uncle, Sir Henry Molyneux ; and his Eminence has always been an honoured guest at Highclere.

Cardinal Howard's grandfather (Mr. Edward Chas. Howard) was the youngest brother of the twelfth Duke of Norfolk ; but, for domestic reasons, he did not take the rank of precedence of a Duke's younger son when his brother succeeded to the dukedom. Mr. Howard was an expert in chemistry ; and it was by his invention in sugar-refining still known as Howard's Patent that he made the considerable fortune his grandson subsequently enjoyed. The Cardinal's father was a captain in the army ; but, as he had no other sons, this branch of the Howards dies with the Cardinal.

Cardinal Howard, who is Bishop of Frascati, has long been a familiar and admired figure in Rome. The bearing which, natural to him, was further cultivated by his training and ex-

periences as an officer in the Guards, stood him in good stead when he took part in great functions, or walked in great processions. An accident about a year ago temporarily lamed him ; and the writer of these lines, who saw him during the visit he paid to England at the end of last summer, was painfully struck by the change which seemed to have come over him. When he walked he leaned heavily on his stick ; and, though it was easy to attribute the altered mien to the effects of a sprain, it is only too clear now that the grounds for anxiety were real. A few months ago, and before he was sixty, Cardinal Howard was struck down by a disease which has baffled the medical skill of Italian and English doctors.

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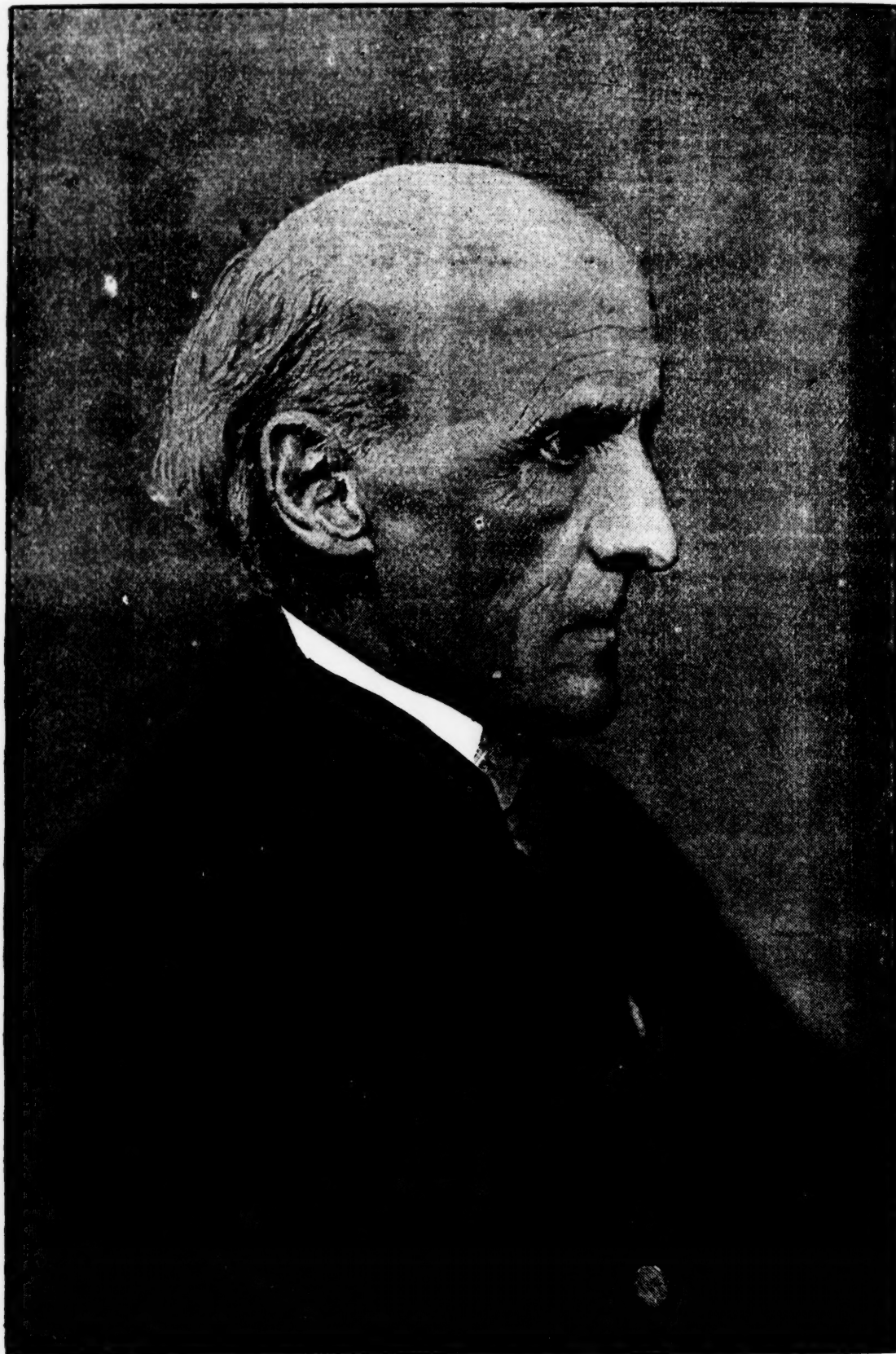
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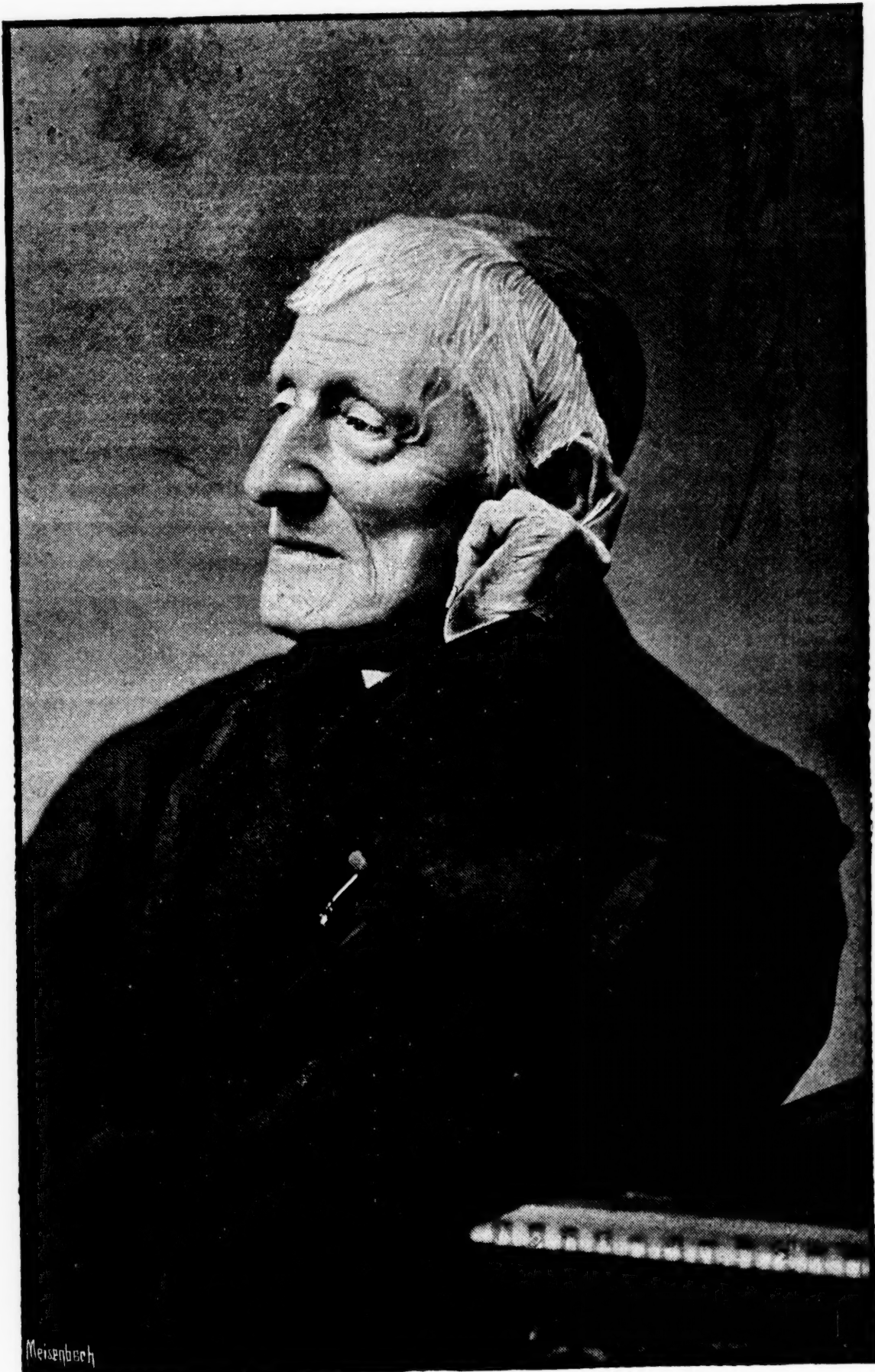
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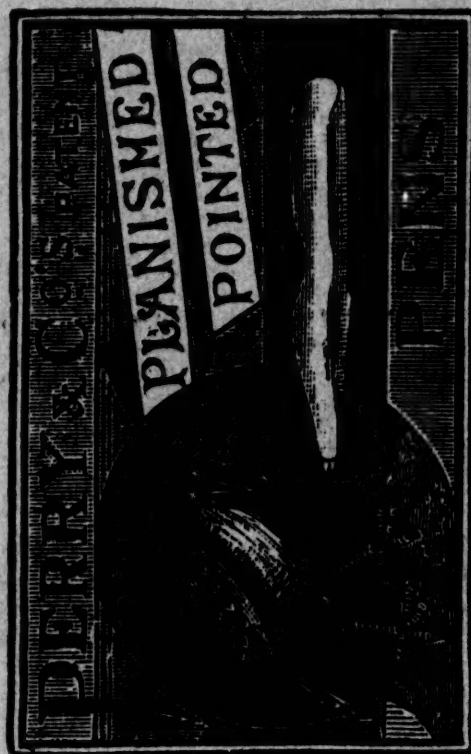
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